"WE'VE OWNED TRUCKS FOR 20 YEARS.. AND NEVER SAW A VALUE LIKE THIS 1½ TON DODGE AT TODAY'S LOW PRICE!"

Says C. H. Specht

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"We've owned trucks for 20 years and never saw a value like this one-and-one-half-ton Dodge at today's low price. Not only is it the most economical truck we have ever owned, but it also is the best looking and does our job better and our drivers prefer it."—C. H. Specht, Los Angeles, Calif.

I'M SAVING OVER $90 A YEAR ON GAS ALONE!

"We'll Save $75!"

"I checked Dodge against the other two lowest-priced trucks before I bought. Now I find I made the smartest deal of my life when I picked Dodge, for I'm saving over $90 a year on gas alone."—Carl Johnston, Kansas City, Kansas.

"WE'VE BEEN OPERATING TRUCKS FOR 13 YEARS"

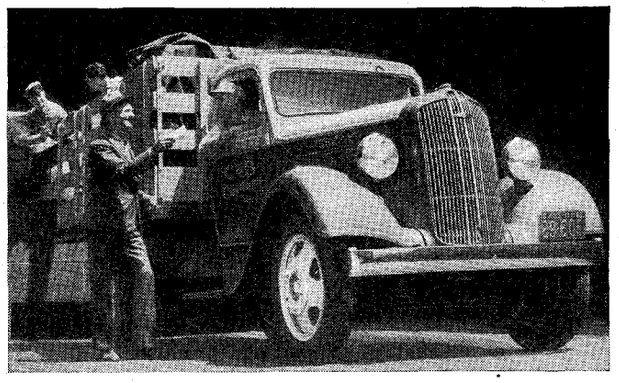
"We have been operating trucks for thirteen years. Recently we bought one of your new Dodge trucks and are so surprised at the way it saves on gas and oil that I can hardly believe my own eyes. Gas costs are cut at least one-third, and we'll save over $75 this year on gas alone."—Alex J. Witulski, Jersey City, N.J.

"WE'LL SAVE $85"

"We recently switched to one of the new Dodge panel trucks and are already discovering what a world of difference those Dodge quality features make. We will save at least $85 this year on gas alone over our old truck. The low-priced Dodge also is by far the best looking truck you can buy at any price."—Grant DeNormandie, Chicago, Ill.

NO WONDER truck buyers everywhere are amazed at the values Dodge is offering! See your Dodge dealer and make the free gas test. Ask him for a free copy of the "Show-Down" Score Card. 'Phone or call on your Dodge dealer today.

—DODGE—
Division of Chrysler Corporation



½ TON CHASSIS $370* 116" W.B...6-CYL.

1½-Ton Stake...136' w. b. ...6-cyl.....$690*
1½-Ton Chassis...136' w. b. ...6-cyl.....$505*

List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra. Easy terms gladly arranged to fit your budget, at low cost, through Commercial Credit Company.

Dependable DODGE TRUCKS

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST!...YET BUILT TO OUTLAST THEM ALL!

The Literary Digest

FOR AUGUST 8, 1936

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Mail

Landon's Stirrup

Sir:—I am writing to protest against the illustration on the front cover of THE LITERARY DIGEST of July 25. Unless Governor Landon is going to ride backwards, he has his stirrup strap twisted the wrong way. Instead of being twisted to the left, it should be twisted to the right, and then when the Governor puts his foot in the strap and mounts the horse his toes will be pointing forward.

I hope this is no evil omen for Mr. Landon.
New York. A. EDWARD DAVIS.

Sir:—Well, so you finally got a puzzle picture on the front-cover page. Congratulations.

Will he make the saddle-seat *or* will he make the Presidential seat?

Of course, it isn't quite fair to us, as you show him with a start of a foot in the stirrup and, even last night, the static didn't give us a start on his speech. Yours,
Athens, Michigan. E. K. M.

Sir:—*Re* picture of Gov. Alf M. Landon mounting a horse. He apparently is facing in the opposite direction to that of the horse which we people in Oklahoma, some of us backwoodsmen at least, believe is wrong.

We believe that the Governor should face in the direction the horse is headed as he makes his mount. Do not start the man to the White House riding backwards.

We believe that the Kansas Governor knows more about mounting horses than the photo indicates. J. S. KNOX.
Stillwell, Oklahoma.

[Governor Landon mounts his horse in the same manner as thousands of other horsemen.

(Continued on page 39)

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK AUGUST 8, 1936

Topics of the day

DRY GOAL—PROHIBITION AGAIN BY 1945

Ghost Laid by Repeal Walks; Local Option as Entering Wedge

All of liquor's ferment is not confined to casks and barrels. After two and one-half years of repeal, the battle over the merits of prohibition rages again.

When John D. Rockefeller, Jr., teetotaler apostle of moderation, offers an opinion on the subject, it is a straw in the wind. His personal approach to the problem has paralleled the public's action: he was in the vanguard of prohibition; he was in the vanguard of repeal.

Fondling an old-fashioned watch-chain, he told ship-news reporters last week on his return from Europe:

"You know it was the bootlegging and the crimes growing out of bootlegging that made me change my mind about the good of prohibition. Of course, bootlegging is not stamped out, even now. It can not be controlled as long as taxes are so high on liquor. But things are definitely better under repeal."

Highs and Lows—How high liquor taxes are depends on where the buyer lives. The Federal Government extracts $2 on every gallon. States add excises running from as low as forty cents a gallon in Arizona and Massachusetts to $1.10 a gallon in Maryland. Besides, there are licensing taxes here and there on wholesalers, retailers, distillers, rectifiers, brewers and others.

Federal tax receipts from the alcoholic beverage business for 1934 and 1935—the first two years of repeal—totaled $833,066,160. State treasuries collected $519,317,346.

"The drys will see these figures and say that people are drinking themselves to death," comments D. Frederick Burnett, New Jersey State Alcoholic Beverage Control Commissioner, "but they are wrong. The increase may be accounted for by a sharp decrease in bootlegging operations."

These figures mean different things to Government, industry and society.

To Government They Mean: Bootlegging is not yet obsolete. Unofficial estimates put the amount of bootleg liquor sold at 35 per cent. of all liquor sales. "Revenooers" still invade hillside hideaways and dark cellars to seize forbidden moonshine stills. But in the Washington Federal laboratory, where three or four years ago scores of jars of seized alcohol and corn liquor awaited tests, to-day one jar stands in solitude.

Time has blotted out names made notorious by liquor. Alphonse Capone languishes in Alcatraz. Government officials find that most of the other "big shots" in the illicit liquor trade are jailed or dead. Some have turned to small-time rackets. The Department of Justice reports thousands are "going straight" and selling liquor legitimately.

Rum-running seems a thing of the past. The Coast Guard recently informed the Secretary of the Treasury that for the first time in sixteen years not a single rum-runner was stationed on the offshore limit of the Atlantic Ocean.

Federal enforcement becomes, then, mostly a matter of collecting taxes and checking on licenses. Washington spent $11,813,430 in the last fiscal year to uphold liquor regulations, roughly $4,000,000 less than the cost for enforcement in the last year of prohibition.

Arid States—The Twenty-first Amendment obligated the Federal Government to protect dry States against the flow of liquor from wet neighbors. Alabama is legally bone-dry; Kansas, Oklahoma, Mississippi and Tennessee admit only beer of varying alcoholic content; Georgia adds light wines. Fifteen other States operate under a State monopoly system. Admittedly, neither State nor Federal Governments have kept outside liquor from these States.

A cynical Alabaman declared recently that a person standing on the Capitol steps at Montgomery could throw stones through a dozen speakeasy windows. And would, if some drys had their way. D. Leigh Colvin, Prohibition Party Presidential candidate, fumed last week that Kansas needed another Carry Nation to stem the tide of illegal liquor in that State. Not long ago an overzealous State officer was scolded for wielding hatchets on a number of bars in Topeka, without police authority. Such raids, familiar in prohibition days, are rare now.

Industrial Aspects: There were 310,792,545 gallons of distilled spirits in bonded warehouses on July 1. During the pre-prohibition period, such stocks ranged from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 gallons. The Distilled Spirits Institute, trade organization embracing the major liquor manufacturers, figures that consumption of authorized liquor last year was one-third of production, or about 75,000,000 gallons.

Dr. James M. Doran, who went from the government job of National Prohibition Administrator to the industrial post of director of the Distilled Spirits Institute, summarizes thus:

The repeal of prohibition has accomplished these definite results:

1. Substitution of rigorous control of manufacture and sale for illicit sale of wide-spread proportions.
2. Creation of an industry representing a capital investment of approximately $500,000,000 and employing upwards of 1,000,000 workers.
3. Producing revenue for Federal and State Governments which amounts to more than $600,000,000 annually.
4. Reduction in the per capita consumption of spirits due to moderation in drinking habits.
5. Gradual reduction in drunken driving and deaths caused by intoxicated persons.
6. Reduction in deaths from alcoholism due to the elimination of the so-called town drunkard.
7. Reduction in racketeering and crime attributable to bootleg rings.

Effect on Society: To the drys, all this means more and more drunkenness, and

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John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to ship-news reporters: "Bootlegging is not stamped out . . . but things are definitely better under repeal"

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Dr. Ella A. Boole, World President of the W.C.T.U., frowning on liquor, fears that . . .

they are unfurling the banners which they laid aside during prohibition.

Dr. Ella A. Boole, World President of the W.C.T.U., who was seventy-eight years old last week, declares:

"Thousands, even millions of dollars have been invested in advertising in newspapers, magazines and over the radio, for the avowed purpose of increasing liquor sales. In communities which have been dry for years through local option, permits for the sale of liquor have been granted.

"In cities, liquor signs in blazing letters and windows filled with displays of bottles point the way to the liquor stores. Department stores, restaurants and grocery stores, with their attractive advertising and signs, are a constant invitation to drink. The cocktail hour in public places and cocktail parties encourage social drinking.

"Even drunkenness is condoned by the public, whether the victim is man or woman, whether young or old. The appeal to women to drink and the many opportunities for securing liquor has greatly increased beer drinking, with disastrous results.

"Those who are investing money and ingenuity in promoting and encouraging drinking forget, or do not know, that the increase in consumption each year since repeal will continue from year to year, and that is the price America is paying for repeal—more drinking."

Arrests Cited—The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, issuing its familiar clip-sheet once more, holds that in 324 cities surveyed, police figures show an increase of 195.42 per cent. in arrests for intoxication over the figures for 1920, the first year of prohibition, "which marked an all-time low in drunkenness among the American people."

The Northwestern Life Insurance Company rejected 8 per cent. more applicants for excessive use of alcohol last year than the year before, and 32 per cent. more than in 1932.

For fifty-five years, liquor and drug addicts have staggered through the doors of the Keeley Institute at Dwight, Illinois, to take the cure. In 1920 the Institute's business fell to 180 patients.

For the first three months of 1936, 25 per cent. more persons were treated for overindulgence in liquor than for the same period of the year before. Both the Institute and insurance companies find heavier drinking than before repeal among women and young people.

Against these glum figures, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company cites a 13 per cent. decline in deaths from alcoholism among insured wage-earners for the second full year since repeal.

New York physicians, in a recent State conference, split three ways. One-third thought drinking was gaining, one-third thought it was on the wane, one-third saw no change.

The Census Bureau tosses in the fact that four of the States which were dry during the first full year of repeal were among the ten which had the biggest gains in alcoholism.

When drinkers take to the open road, drys, and even moderationists, take to the war-path. They quote the National Safety Council to show that there was an increase of almost 13 per cent. in the number of drivers under the influence of liquor who were involved in accidents, as well as an increase of 10 per cent. in the number of tipsy pedestrians who got in the paths of cars. There is plenty of proof of the platitude that alcohol and gasoline do not mix. But in 1924 the number of commercial and passenger motor-vehicles operated in the United States was only 12,238,375; in 1934 there were 24,933,403 cars and trucks on the highways. Theoretically, this factor alone would account for a doubling of accidents.

Wets, however, will not concede that prohibition is the answer. The sharpest increase in number of deaths from such automobile accidents, they say, has been in the dry States of the South.

Accidents hit the top on Sunday, a day when liquor sales are banned in most States. They cite the increase in population, the larger number of trucks and cars in operation, the greater speed of motors as contributing causes.

Dry Sponge—Meanwhile, the dry sponge is being applied in ever-widening circles through local option. There are now dry areas in twenty-eight States. Last year prohibition forces won an increase of 149 per cent. in the number of towns and 94 per cent. in the number of counties voting dry.

With new and subtler tactics, the drys carry on—through the W.C.T.U., the Anti-Saloon League, the Prohibition Party, the American Businessmen's Research Foundation, scores of independent organizations, publications, and churches. Their ultimate goal is the return of national prohibition by 1945.

KNOX ATTACKS: New Deal G.O.P. Vice Presidential Candidate's Target in Chicago Speech

"Back to Hooverism. I thank you."

Thus the Fort Wayne (Ind.) *Journal-Gazette* (Dem.) characterized a speech which the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.) thought was "so good it might have been written by former Senator George H. Moses."

To the 25,000 who filled Chicago Stadium on the night of July 30 to hear Col. Frank ("Rough-Rider") Knox accept the Republican nomination for the Vice Presidency of the United States, it seemed that the Publisher of the Chicago *Daily News* did an even more thorough job of castigating the New Deal Party than Gov. Alf M. Landon had done in Topeka the week before.

For Chicago's more or less indifferent millions, it was just another political show, with the usual flags, bunting, buttons and ballyhoo. Six bands played lustily as another 25,000 curious milled about outside the Stadium, exchanging banter with vendors who offered ten-gallon cardboard hats for a quarter. Banners fluttered bravely in the breeze from Lake Michigan: "Off the Rocks with Landon and Knox," "It's

Acme

". . . the increase in consumption each year since repeal will continue from year to year, and that is the price America is paying for repeal—more drinking"

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Wide World

Col. Frank Knox: "Dammed-up forces of recovery will burst forth in a magnificent prosperity"

the Tops with Landon and Knox," "Opportunity Knox Now."

Two of the 500 policemen who were detailed to help Republicans find their seats put their shoulders to a foolhardy Democrat who made the mistake of emitting a Bronx cheer. By the time that small excitement had subsided, the ruddy, grinning Spanish War veteran had appeared before a faded flag which, on that fateful day when Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter, had hung limp over New York's shocked Broadway throngs.

The vision of Abraham Lincoln, first Republican President, danced before the cheering listeners. Then Colonel Knox waved a giant sunflower above his head. Vision of Alf, not Abe.

Trooper's Charge—Then the Rough-Rider charged, as at San Juan Hill.

"The present Administration," he declared, "has failed to meet its responsibility for the orderly, economical and impartial administration of the affairs of the nation. . . .

"At a time when the economic system was worn and emaciated it performed major surgical operations upon the industrial body to see what was inside. . . .

"No one of its proponents has ever been able to define the New Deal or to explain what it is aimed at or where it is going. No one of them is able to make clear what the economic plan is. It began with a proposal for a belt of trees in a territory that nature has decided should not have trees. It is ending with the use of public funds to conduct classes in tap-dancing. . . .

"The Republican Party . . . approves the horse-and-buggy method of changing the Constitution and it disapproves a philosophy that laughs at the horse-and-buggy method and wants to use only the buggy-whip. . . .

"The people want recovery, not rhetoric. . . . The people know that with the election of a new Administration next November the dammed-up forces of recovery will burst forth in a magnificent prosperity."

Press Opinion: FAVORABLE — Cleveland (Ohio) *News* (Rep.): "Col. Frank Knox indicates that he will more than compensate for any lack of fireworks in the Landon personality, tho he is no rough-and-tumble orator, the Colonel's razor-edged phrases are calculated to sting."

Wilmington (Del.) *Journal* (Ind.): "T. R. in his prime never attacked an opponent more vigorously nor more effectively. . . . With due deference to the standard-bearer, he did not go beyond the limits that Governor Landon set, but he did make mighty clear that he stands resolutely for the traditional American practises. He did define the issues. He did stir the spirit that is essential to victory."

New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind.-Rep.): "Exactly the sound, candid discussion of broad issues that the occasion called for. As a clear-headed business man of long and large experience he speaks with especial authority on every economic aspect of the New Deal."

Kansas City *Kansan* (Ind.): "Contrasting his speech with Landon's, he would go all the way back to the horse-and-buggy days while Landon thinks he can ride in an automobile and still have safe-and-sane transit."

Des Moines (Iowa) *Tribune* (Ind.): "Colonel Knox's vigor and candidness of speech enhance an atmosphere of enthusiasm and confidence. He belongs to the hard-hitting school. He is by no means a novice in national politics."

Idaho Statesman (Boise) (Rep.): "Governor Landon, the business man, spoke in simple, direct language, using few figures of speech, contenting himself with blunt statements of facts. Colonel Knox attacked as a veteran public speaker, as a campaigner dealing with the same set of facts. . . . In different ways, both candidates summed up the issue."

UNFAVORABLE — Fort Wayne (Ind.) *Journal-Gazette* (Dem.): "Without any loss of thought, Colonel Knox's speech might have been reduced to the following sentences: 'Gentlemen of the American Liberty League and Fellow Citizens; the Republican Party in this campaign proposes: Back to Hooverism. Back to Mellonism. Back to Insullism. I accept the nomination. I thank you.'"

Huntington (W. Va.) *Herald-Dispatch* (Rep.): "Colonel Knox devoted too many of his precious minutes to bitter criticism without discussing practical alternatives. The public knows the Republican Party is against the New Deal. It wants to know something of the policies the Party expects to effectuate."

Davenport (Iowa) *Democrat & Leader* (Dem.): "A typical Republican dissertation. Glowing in criticism, but lacking in constructiveness. 'The people want recovery, not rhetoric,' said the nominee, and, almost on the same day, the Chrysler Corporation voted a $2,000,000 bonus to its employees, following one of $2,300,000 earlier in the year. If that is not recovery, we respectfully ask the Chicago Publisher what is."

Birmingham *News* (Ind.-Dem.): "Just another Republican speech cast in the same mold of the oratory at the Cleveland Convention. . . . It was devoted almost entirely to criticism and denunciation of President Roosevelt. . . . The people are entitled to hear something about the plans and intentions of the Party."

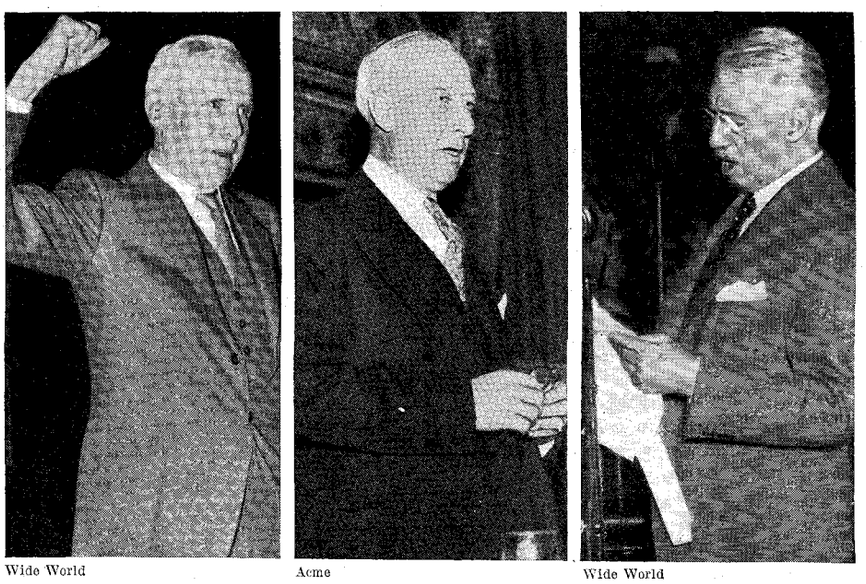
REBEL BIDDER: "To Constitutional Democrats Opposed to Alien Control" Goes Clarion

Michigan newspaper readers know Stirling E. Edmunds as the author of an occasional long "letter to the editor" on current topics. Court-room and political audiences know this blue-eyed, dark-haired Detroit lawyer as an eloquent speaker. Colleagues know him as an authority on international law. Former Senator James A. Reed of Missouri knows him as a close friend.

This week the nation knows him as the host to anti-New Deal Democrats and as a protagonist in the recurrent dispute over the Supreme Court issue.

From his summer home at Wequetonsing, he mailed invitations last week for a conference in Detroit, addressed to "Constitutional Democrats who are opposed to the present alien control of our Party's name and machinery in thirty or more States."

"We are agreed, as are all who have any knowledge of constitutional history and of our free system of government," the bid



Wide World Acme Wide World

Former Senator James A. Reed, former Gov. Alfred E. Smith, and Bainbridge Colby: they agree that they disagree with the New Deal

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WITH THE PROPHETS

Michigan

"I can say that in Michigan the people are very much in favor of Roosevelt."—*Elmer O'Hara, Chairman of the Michigan Democratic Committee.*

"Michigan looks very good for the Republican Party."—*Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Michigan Republican.*

New York

"I am confident that the President will carry the State of New York by a very substantial majority."—*Gov. Herbert H. Lehman, New York Democrat.*

"New York will go Republican beyond doubt."—*Representative Bertrand H. Snell, New York Republican.*

New Jersey

"There is no question that President Roosevelt will carry New Jersey in 1936."—*William H. Kelly, Chairman of the New Jersey Democratic Committee.*

"I think we'll win [New Jersey] by 250,000. And that's conservative."—*Harry W. Jeffers, Chairman of the New Jersey Republican Committee.*

Massachusetts

"Massachusetts will be for Roosevelt in spite of Hearst and all his colleagues and cohorts."—*John F. Gatelee, President of the Massachusetts State Federation of Labor.*

"The Republican Party will surely carry all of New England, including Massachusetts."—*Col. Frank Knox, Republican candidate for Vice President.*

Pennsylvania

"The people of Pennsylvania [will support Roosevelt because they] realize that their Republican organization is unquestionably the most corrupt political organization in the country."—*Gov. George H. Earle, Pennsylvania Democrat.*

"Landon has a good prospect of carrying Pennsylvania."—*ex-Gov. Gifford Pinchot, Pennsylvania Republican.*

Illinois

"Illinois will positively go for Roosevelt."—*Representative A. J. Sabath, Illinois Democrat.*

"Landon will carry Illinois."—*Robert R. McCormick, Publisher of the Chicago Tribune (Ind.-Rep.).*

The Nation

"Mr. Hamilton has launched the campaign by asking me to name six States the Democrats will carry. Well, I name the whole forty-eight."—*James A. Farley, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.*

"He [James A. Farley] served for six or eight years as Chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, and yet he picked Louis to defeat Schmeling."—*John D. M. Hamilton, Chairman of the Republican National Committee.*

read, "that the reelection of President Roosevelt and his perseverance in collectivist policies, with the prospect of packing the Supreme Court to validate them, presents one of the gravest problems which has ever confronted the citizen."

While such outspoken New Deal foes as Bainbridge Colby of New York and former Governor Joseph B. Ely of Massachusetts responded to the call, others stayed at home, pondering "the prospect of packing the Supreme Court."

Five to Nine—Any of the present nine Justices can be displaced only if he dies or resigns. However, there is nothing to prevent the President from enlarging the Court by nominating new members, subject to affirmation by the Senate.

Since it began 146 years ago, the Supreme Court has fluctuated from five to nine members. It has been stabilized at nine since 1869.

In that time there have been seventy-six appointments and two reappointments. Of these seventy-six men, sixty-six are dead, their average age at death being 71.4 years. There have been three nonagenarians and nine octogenarians. On the average, each Justice lived about one year over the life expectancy of men of his age in general.

"Expectation of life" means, to insurance companies, the average number of years an individual in an age-group has to live.

If this formula operated with mathematical precision—which, of course, it does not—the oldest member of the present Court could look forward to at least four and three-quarters more years of life. The youngest member would have thirteen and one-half years to go. Ages of the nine men now on the bench range from sixty-one to seventy-nine years. Calculations from the American Experience Table of Mortality do not indicate any immediate "prospect of packing" the present Court.

QUODDY TO LET: Empty Colonial Town and Truck-Load of Blue-Prints Left as Dam Work Stops

For sixteen years, President Roosevelt has dreamed of harnessing the tides that race by his summer home on Campobello Island and lap Northeastern Maine.

Last week he paid his first visit to sprawling, built-to-order "Quoddy Village" which sprang up last winter to house the laborers and engineers working on the great tidal-power project at Passamaquoddy Bay. The President's dream was far from coming true, but, with characteristic optimism, he told his audience of 400 Quoddyites: "I hope, when I get back here next year, this thing will be going."

Despite all criticism of the project, Mr. Roosevelt's faith in it has never flagged. "Quoddy will be completed," he says. "I believe in Quoddy."

One other man has had the same faith. He is Dexter P. Cooper, a neighbor of the Roosevelts at Campobello. When the New Deal came to Washington, he marched determinedly into the offices of the PWA with an armful of plans and charts. Turned down there, he went to the White House.

He would construct a string of dams connecting a series of islands in Passamaquoddy Bay. As the tide rose, the water rushing in from the Bay of Fundy would spill over the dams, generating 330,000,000 kilowatt-hours of hydroelectric power a year—enough to light up half of New England.

The cost of his project, Cooper estimated, would be $37,000,000. It could be completed in four years.

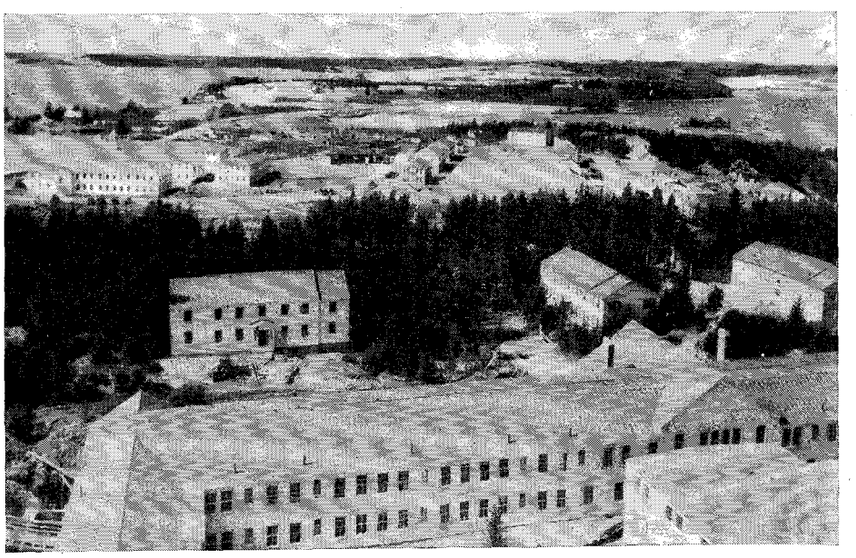
Two Birds—The President quickly saw a chance of bagging two birds instead of one. Using relief money on this pet project, he could not only leash the Fundy tides, but could draw 3,500 men from Maine's unemployment rolls to do the work. He set aside $10,000,000 of the $4,800,000,000 relief-grant for Quoddy, later reducing the amount to $7,000,000.

Last June, 3,000 citizens of Eastport, a once-prosperous canning town on Passamaquoddy Bay, turned out to greet Col. Philip B. Fleming and his staff of Army engineers who arrived to begin work on the gigantic program. In July, Vice President Garner set off the first blast of dynamite.

During the summer land was cleared and roads were built.

Then, almost overnight, "Quoddy Village" sprang up. There were 120 temporary cottages to house from one to six families, an eighty-seven-room dormitory, barracks for the relief-workers, two apartment houses, a big administration building, and a ten-bed hospital.

The cottages were simple, white clapboard Colonial structures costing $3,000 each and renting for about $55 a month a family. Engineers and clerks who moved to chilly Eastport found in their new homes all the comforts of city life. There were maple tables and chairs with harmonizing fireplaces, all-wool pastel-green



Keystone

"Quoddy Village": President Roosevelt hopes that next year "this thing will be going"

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blankets, rust sateen "puffs" filled with duck-down, pewter candle-sticks, cheap reproductions of famous paintings, a central heating system. Symbols of New Deal wastefulness, symbols of New Deal extravagance, critics shouted, calling Quoddy the least defensible of the huge Roosevelt public work projects.

The dormitory contained special quarters for visitors to Quoddy, a mess-hall, and two lounge-rooms. Rooms in this building were rented for $20 or $30 a month; meals were another $30. Built at a cost of $187,000, the dormitory returned to the Government a revenue of $3,000 a month.

The 5,300 workers who made up the population of "Quoddy Village" at the peak of activity last January had little in the way of amusement. There were card-games in the lounges nightly. Occasionally dances were given. But most of the time, Quoddyites sought relaxation in Eastport's one movie-house.

G. O. P. Bullets—To Republicans, attacking the President's spending program from every vantage-point, the Passamaquoddy project has been a particularly meaty issue.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan pounced avidly on the tide-harnessing scheme in the Senate last March. He charged that no responsible body had been found to approve it until the President personally appointed a committee to consider it, one member of the committee being Dexter P. Cooper.

"'Quoddy' was very conclusively turned down both by the PWA engineers and a board of review," he snapped. "Then things came to a point where the President wanted to go ahead with it anyway—for what purpose we'll leave to the imagination. And so the packed committee was appointed. It was about like a bank referring an application for a loan to the applicant himself."

Vandenberg's attack was convincing to many of his fellow legislators. Congress refused to grant an additional $30,000,000 for the completion of the project.

This week Quoddy's 1,200 inhabitants are packing their trunks and taking last wistful glances at their grandfather clocks. And Eastport is shaking its head over the boom that might have been. Within a fortnight, the last few dollars remaining from the $7,000,000 allotment will have trickled out.

Then what is to happen to Quoddy Village?

Last week Works Progress Administrator Hopkins inspected thoughtfully the Government's actual return, thus far, on $7,000,000.

There were four tiny dams built to stand indefinitely, a shiny Colonial town, a truckload of blue-prints. Turning to engineers who accompanied him, Hopkins announced:

"I have a very definite idea of a way to use this village. I want to talk to the President before I say anything about it."

But Westbrook Pegler, newspaper columnist, reported from Eastport last week that "along the dirty Main Street men with nothing to do occupied themselves doing nothing. This was the principal occupation of a large proportion of Eastport's man-power for a long time before the Quoddy job began. It is likely to be their principal occupation for a long time to come."

ROOSEVELT AND LANDON CARRY ON

July 27—Heavily tanned after his thirteen days on the water, President Roosevelt piloted his trim schooner *Sewanna* into the broad, deep harbor that lies before his summer home on Campobello Island, and dropped anchor.

For his wife and mother, who boarded the boat for a two-hour chat with him and his sons James, John and Franklin, Jr., the President had mischievously prepared a special surprize—a week-old set of sideburns exactly like those his father, James Roosevelt, had worn up to the time of his death in 1900.

July 28—Tacking into Campobello harbor from L'Etang Island where he had spent the night, the President, clean-shaven once more out of fear of photographers, ended his 437-mile cruise.

Hardly had he set foot ashore when two Navy seaplanes arrived from Bar Harbor, loaded with mail and official documents for the Chief Executive to study during his two-day visit.

July 29—The President, a few of his Campobello neighbors, reporters, secretaries and a handful of "Mounties" who had been assigned to guard him during his stay on Canadian soil, gathered on the beach for a picnic.

After a hearty lunch of roast beef, a hot-dog, salad and cake, President Roosevelt granted reporters a press conference for the first time in two weeks.

July 30—Heeding the persistent pleas of his friends that he leave Campobello and visit Maine, which will hold its election in September—a full month ahead of the national elections, President Roosevelt crossed Lubec channel on an old-fashioned two-car ferry, then motored to "Quoddy Village" where he assured the inhabitants that "Quoddy will be completed."

At nine o'clock that evening, the President's special train whisked him off to Quebec for his visit with Lord Tweedsmuir.

July 31—As the second President of the United States to pay an official visit to the Dominion of Canada (Harding was first) President Roosevelt addressed Quebec audiences in both English and French. In public the President stressed the good-will existing between Canada and the United States; in private, with Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada (known to literary circles as John Buchan, novelist), and Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King, he is said to have discussed problems confronting the two nations.

Principal among these questions, observers believed, were the developing of hydroelectric power on the St. Lawrence Waterway, tide-harnessing experiments at Passamaquoddy Bay, new trade developments and ways of expanding commercial intercourse.

August 1—Driving almost 150 miles through the Connecticut River Valley between Montpelier, Vermont, and Hanover, New Hampshire, the President returned to his Hyde Park home. En route he conferred with the Governors of Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts on flood-control and relief problems. He also viewed one flood-control dam completed last year and another in the process of construction.

July 27—With corn drying up and cattle dying of thirst in ten Kansas counties, Governor Landon held a conference of State and Federal officials to discuss means of fighting the drought. His first move was to ask Western railroads to reduce their rates on shipments of feed and water. Then he asked Kansas oil companies to lend the State enough pumping equipment to draw water for cattle from rivers in the dry areas.

July 28—Senator Vandenberg, a strong preconvention competitor of Landon's for the Republican nomination, arrived at the Executive Mansion to share one of Governor Landon's famous two-course luncheons and to announce that he was anxious to take the stump for the Party.

Another caller was Gifford Pinchot, former Governor of Pennsylvania. To reporters he stated that he favored Landon "for his conservation policy."

July 29—After putting in a long-distance telephone-call to Estes Park, Colorado, to wish his daughter Nancy Jo a happy fourth birthday, Governor Landon continued to receive well-wishers from various parts of the country. Hulbert Taft, cousin of Charles P. Taft, one of Landon's close advisers, dropped in to announce that altho William Lemke was showing surprizing strength in Ohio, the Republican candidate would bag that State's twenty-six electoral votes.

July 30—"The right of labor to organize means to me the right of employees to join any type of union they prefer, whether it covers their plant, their craft, or their industry," Governor Landon had said in accepting the Republican nomination.

In reply to a letter from Norman Thomas asking him to clarify this statement, he said:

"The workers have the right to meet among themselves or with others of their own choice to promote organization, with complete freedom from interference from any one whatsoever. . . . This necessarily includes the right of a labor-union to promote by lawful and proper means the organization of an unorganized industry, which includes the right to send in an organizer."

July 31—Before lunching with Representative Chester C. Bolton of Cleveland, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, Governor Landon conferred, once again, with State officials regarding the drought situation. He also wired E. B. Boyd, Chairman of the Western Trunk Line Committee at Chicago, asking for a conference concerning the reduction of railroad freight-rates on shipments of cattle, water and feed from drought-stricken areas. "We can not interpret Interstate Commerce Commission ruling," he wired, "as a valid reason for not putting into effect immediately reduced rates for the movement of drought-cattle to provide grazing or water."

August 1—Unlike his predecessors as Kansas Governors, Alfred M. Landon made no speech after reviewing the Sixtieth Field Artillery Brigade of the National Guard at Fort Riley.

"Perhaps that is why the Guardsmen like me," he smiled.

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WHAT IS "IT"? Specter Stalks Sleepy Long Island Hamlet; "Dog-Faced Baboon," Says Hunter

Was "it" a baboon?
Was "it" a ghost?
Was "it" a sea-monster?
Was "it" a fox?
Was "it" a madman?

So far as known, "it" was a noise and a figure. From wooded hills surrounding the sleepy hamlet of Wading River, New York, had emanated an eerie howling late one night. The green and white shutters of the town's Colonial houses seemed to rattle under the sound. With the second outbreak, heads emerged momentarily; then were withdrawn into safe confines. And many of the shutters were closed.

During the day several specters were reported from a variety of locations, to be followed by renewed howling the next night. As the screeching and whining came nearer, a posse was organized. Residents recalled a monkey which had terrified the countryside several years ago; or perhaps it was the returned ghost of some Revolutionary soldier who had died on the site.

Selden Heatley, sportsman and polo-player, was among those to join the chase along the North Shore of Long Island Sound.

"I didn't want to disturb my wife," he said. "So I grabbed her gun and walked into my back yard. I heard the cry of 'the thing' or 'it.' Under the apple tree I saw 'it'—looking like a wolf with a man's face. I shot. 'It' slunk away defiantly. I tell you it's a dog-faced baboon!"

Difficult Baboons—Upon query Frank Buck, the explorer, advised the citizens not to corner "it" as baboons could be difficult in the summer.

By this time the skeptical wondered if the scare were not another prank of the more playful inhabitants. Several years had passed since Walter Lippmann and Morris Markey, writers, had projected Wading River into national prominence.

It was then that they had protested against a New Deal appointment of another post-master. His selection caused the population to walk three miles from the town to get their mail at the new post-master's filling station. Subsequently the post was returned to the keeper of the general store, center of the hamlet's activities.

"No, this was the real thing," said Marlen Pew, columnist for and former Editor of *Editor & Publisher*. "My daughter and I heard the noise. It was the most frightful screeching I have ever heard. I believe it was a mad half-breed boy who escaped from a nearby insane asylum."

Just as suddenly, the nocturnal disturbances ceased. Twelve miles distant, at Riverhead, the police maintained the whole rumpus had been created by rollicking vacationists who, upon envisioning pink elephants, had simulated the sounds of she-wolves.

Long Island has been a favorite cavorting ground for phantoms, ghosts and eerie creatures in general for many years. The story still is told of the specter who wandered around a Brooklyn beer-garden and in 1856 was the supposed cause of an outbreak of murder.

At Hewlett, a masked phantom has long been annoying the populace. A large fellow, dressed in black, it is his wont to leave threatening letters at the homes of young girls. One day in 1932 a few of the indignant townswomen locked him in a bathroom. Returning with police later, they found he had escaped.

Ghost Walks—On Governor's Island in New York City's harbor the ghost of John Beall is claimed to walk at night still seeking revenge for having been hanged during the Civil War.

In Nebraska a favorite legend was ended in 1932. The ghost of Chief Blackbird's murdered wife was expected to appear each year on a given date. But she, too, failed her public.

Quite embarrassing was the ghost chase in the Buffalo police station in 1933. Subsequent investigation disclosed the solitary presence of a bat. And crowds were once drawn to West Branch, New Jersey, to await a phantom, but it remained among the missing.

From Europe frequently come reports of strange creatures. In the Slavonic countries werewolves and vampires are the predominant favorites.

New York *World-Telegram* Photo

A posse searched in Wading River's woods, but "it" could not be found

SILVER SPOONS: Once Moe Annenberg Gave Them Away, Now He Owns Philadelphia Daily

To skeptics who insist that the Horatio Alger stuff is out, the sale last week of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* for $15,000,000 cash to a one-time poor lad must have come as a surprize.

Typical of America's traditional rugged individualism, as well as the Algeresque, the story involves a wealthy Philadelphian of patrician stock, one of the nation's earliest and most striking poor-boy-makes-good types, a distinguished Frenchwoman and the ex-poor boy, of German-Jewish ancestry.

Col. James Elverson, Sr., purchased *The Inquirer* in 1890, made it "Pennsylvania's Republican Bible"; his daughter, Mme. Eleanor Louise Elverson Patenotre, and her son, Raymond Patenotre, owners of the Paris *Petit Journal*, assumed control in 1929; the heirs of Cyrus H. K. Curtis *(Ladies Home Journal, Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman,* Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* New York *Evening Post)* held it briefly in 1934.

Now, the 108-year-old newspaper passes to Moses L. Annenberg who, at the time Colonel Elverson was scolding William Jennings Bryan, was revolutionizing the newspaper circulation business in Chicago.

Having been born without one in his mouth, Moe Annenberg set out to get a lot of silver spoons. The silverware manufacturers furnished them gratis, complete with State seals; Moe gave them away "absolutely free with every coupon" (plus fifteen cents).

Coupon Flood—By 1904, he was Circulation Manager of William Randolph Hearst's Chicago *Examiner*. Three years later he was distributing agent in Milwaukee for all Chicago newspapers. Fired by his success in one city, he rapidly acquired newspaper and magazine distributing agencies in many Canadian and American cities. The silver spoon idea flooded the Continent with coupons.

In 1917 Mr. Annenberg achieved the ambition to be a newspaper publisher when Arthur Brisbane bought the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin, The Free Press* and the Milwaukee *Daily News* and merged them into *The Wisconsin News*. Two years later, Hearst bought the paper, but he did not throw its publisher into the street.

Instead, he asked the circulation wizard to come to New York, made him Circulation Director of all the Hearst newspapers and magazines in the United States, boosted him into a seat of honor on the Executive Council.

And in that seat of honor, Moe, the veteran of many a circulation fight, perhaps not forgetting his earlier struggles, remembered several "hustlers" of newspapers on the Milwaukee streets, set up more than one down-and-outer in the profitable newsstand business, gained friendships for life.

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Moe Annenberg: his silver-spoon idea flooded a continent

As a side-line, Moe ran the tabloid New York *Daily Mirror,* as President and Publisher.

But Moe had other side-lines. Having built up a sporting-news service bigger than the Wall Street ticker-system, he bumped into Joe Bannon, Circulation Manager of Hearst's New York *Evening Journal,* and Hugh Murray, in 1921.

The three bought *The Daily Racing Form;* three years later, Moe bought the others out. To-day, *The Racing Form* still is the tops in its field, altho Annenberg never owned a nickel's worth of any horse or horse-track in the world.

The energetic publisher bought a high-speed press to print his racing-sheet, found it was idle half the time, started *The Radio Guide* to keep the machinery running. At a nickel a copy, it lost money. But Moe remembered a trick he had worked for Hearst: upped the price to a dime, and began making profits. A few months ago, he added *Screen Guide. Official Detective Stories* also keeps the once semiidle press humming.

No. 1 Paper—Proudest, is Publisher Annenberg, of his New York *Morning Telegraph,* theater and sports daily often referred to as America's No. 1 paper for typographical beauty. Broadway swells and racing-fans cheerfully pay twenty cents a copy for it. Walter H., his only son, runs the Miami Beach *Tribune,* flashy Florida resort tabloid.

With Walter H. as publisher (altho no changes in personnel are contemplated at the moment), the Annenbergs intend to make *The Inquirer* an even greater paper. And it will be an Annenberg paper. Strolling through the twenty-two-story building at Broad and Fifteenth Streets last week, Moe took time out to deny indignantly that he had bought the property as an agent for Hearst, who long has wished to get a foothold in Philadelphia.

No Stooge—"I've seen Hearst only twice in the ten years since I resigned from his organization," said Moe. "He has no interest in the purchase whatsoever."

But *The Inquirer* may continue to be Pennsylvania's "Republican Bible," for altho the new owner is known as a political progressive, he is believed to have grown cool toward the New Deal in recent months. He backed the President up on the emergency measures of two or three years ago, but has expressed doubt over some of the more recent tendencies of the Administration. So the "poor boy" makes good again—setting a new all-time high with the $15,000,000 he is paying for *The Inquirer,* whose leading editorials he intends to write himself—for a while, anyway.

COLUMNISTS' VIEWS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Aviation and Geese—"There are still geese who imagine the United States is protected from air and other attack by the oceans on both sides. We even have supergeese in Washington that spend public money on popguns scattered along our coast, called 'coast-defense' guns, as tho invading airplanes would kindly fly low and slowly over those guns. Foreign countries know the location of every one of them, since we keep nothing to ourselves, and, besides, no big or little gun could interfere with the operations of an enemy plane flying high and fast, or an enemy submarine quietly entering the harbor of a great city at night. You remember the German submarine that visited us in the big War."—Arthur Brisbane, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Machine Strength—"From the standpoint of practical politics, the New Dealers are in much better position than their opponents. The big bosses of the big cities are with them. The Republican bosses, to a large extent, have gone out of business, or been put out of business. Fattened on Federal pap, the Democratic bosses have waxed stronger and bigger. No one has profited quite as much by the New Deal as they. Of course, if there is a trend away from Mr. Roosevelt they will not be able to stop it. Machines, bosses and politicians are powerless against trends. If the people generally have had enough of Mr. Roosevelt, they will sweep the bosses aside and register their will. However, it is no use pretending that, from the standpoint of machines, the weight is not with him."—Frank R. Kent, Baltimore *Sun* and McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

Recovery and Roosevelt—"New Dealers could hardly have expected the Chamber of Commerce of the United States to come to bat for them, but the solid evidence of business improvement just reported by that organization is the most welcome of water on the Democratic mill at this witching hour. Henceforth, Chairman Farley's spellbinders, in acclaiming the Rooseveltian war on depression, will only have to cite the great national business body's chapter-and-verse proof of how finance, commerce and industry have climbed back to prosperity and its prediction that 1936 will pile up the best volume of business since 1929. . . . While a seasonal slump may follow the present up-grade movement, Democratic leaders are confident that the country's pocket-nerve will be rubbed again in the right direction, in plenty of time to do the President the maximum of good."—Frederic William Wile, Frederic William Wile News Service.

Coughlin-Lemke, Umpires—"It is not as weird as it sounds when William Lemke, Union Party candidate for President, announces that he expects to be the directing force in the next House of Representatives of a bloc of not less than 100 members. This bloc, he believes, will hold the balance of power, thus making Father Coughlin and Lemke the umpires who decide what is to pass and what not. That is, of course, with respect to questions where there is a regular party-line division between the Democrats and the Republicans. . . . It will not take very much of a bloc to hold the balance between the Republicans and the Democrats in the next House of Representatives, in all probability. Experts agree that there is no likelihood of a large majority for either side."—Carter Field, North American Newspaper Alliance, in 300 newspapers.

Carter Glass, Dem.—"I have never had the privilege of watching Carter Glass get ready for breakfast, but I would certainly guess that he uses an old-fashioned, saber-toothed razor and wields it himself, allowing the chips to fall where they may. Indeed, some have suggested that the Senator's recent utterances indicate a desire on his part to walk with Al and string along with Landon. People who say anything as foolish as all that forget that Carter Glass would never forsake the label 'Democrat' if the *Fiend* himself were placed at the head of his Party's ticket. He might assail *Lucifer* verbally. In all probability he would refuse to go to his house for dinner. He might even cut the fellow in the street, but if the *Devil* were a Democrat (and perhaps he is) Carter Glass would and could not cut him on a ballot."—Heywood Broun, United Feature Syndicate, Inc., in thirty-six newspapers.

Landon as Leader: "Even during the Cleveland convention Governor Landon was asserting himself. Failing to get the platform he desired in some respects, he telegraphed his own additions after it was adopted. But since the Cleveland convention there seemingly has been a change, as if an attempt were being made to take the bridle out of his hands. . . . Few men have had such an opportunity to take a defeated and demoralized party and rebuild it on policies better adapted to the needs of the present industrial day. There is no reason why Governor Landon should permit himself to be smothered by those who would have preferred a more reactionary candidate. He does not think that he had the Old Guard to thank for his nomination. Forced by the rank and file, he was the only Republican who seemed to have a chance to win. He would seem, therefore, under no obligation to be a bird in a gilded cage."—Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard Features Service, in twenty-three newspapers.

Fascism: "Fascism may make libraries useless, but it does not burn them. It may set up strange national cults in place of the worship of God, but it leaves the churches standing. It stifles scholarship and degrades universities, but it does not destroy them. And it maintains a system of property and of labor which is good for neither owners nor workmen, but the institution of property itself remains. It is a curable evil."—Chester H. Rowell, in the San Francisco *Chronicle* and six other newspapers.

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POWERS AWAIT SPANISH CAT'S JUMP

Peninsular War Spreads; Reds and Fascists Await Show-down

At many a Spanish bull-fight, spectators leap into the blood-stained arena to fight for their favorites. Last week it seemed the fiercely partizan nations which favored Reds or Fascists in the Spanish revolt might do the same—and spread the Peninsular war across all Europe.

Germany and Italy, Paris charged, supplied friendly Fascist rebels with funds, while officials of the Portuguese dictatorship winked at gun-smuggling across its borders. Britain, fearful of a Red régime at Madrid, maintained an uneasy neutrality which veered toward the Right.

Moscow whole-heartedly supported the Spanish comrades, and in France members of the Popular Front Government prattled of the duty they owed Spain's Left-Wing Republican Government.

Rebels, correspondents charged, wore steel helmets manufactured in the Reich, fired rifles made there and in Britain. German Junker planes dashed to their aid. At Bordeaux, French authorities held up four English planes, presumably bound for revolutionary headquarters at Cadiz.

Meanwhile, loyalist pilots landed at Paris in bullet-drilled planes carrying several million dollars in gold. The money was destined to buy planes for the harassed régime.

Refusing to cooperate in a deal which meant death to their "unfortunate compatriots," the Spanish Ambassador and several of his staff resigned.

Then a gale off the coast of French Morocco brought the festering international abscess to a head. During the storm two planes made forced landings in which three men were killed. Rifling the pockets of the dead men's civilian clothes, French officials found forged passports, and Italian Army pay-slips with photographs and their real names.

The machines, reputedly modern Savoia-Marchetti bombers, carried four machine-guns and ammunition. Another Italian plane fell into the Mediterranean, but eighteen pushed through to aid Gen. Francisco Franco and his rebels in Spanish Morocco.

Pointing Course?—Rome, voicing the opinion that the dead flyers were operating for some private firm, calmly promised to "establish the exact facts." But to Paris and London news of the disaster brought fear of an often-foretold war: the death-struggle between Fascists and workers throughout Europe.

Altho France under her Socialist Premier, Léon Blum, dreaded another dictatorship next door, she could not face a Soviet neighbor. She therefore begged Britain and Italy to refuse arms to both sides in Spain, reserving the right to help the Spanish authorities if her appeal was rejected. Britain, afraid the rebels had promised *Il Duce* naval bases in the Balearics or the Spanish mainland—a threat to Gibraltar—as a reward for his support, quickly echoed the French plea.

Moreover, the British Ambassador gave assurances that the pilots held at Bordeaux would return home, and France thereupon released them.

Italy did not answer immediately. Germany, which had at first spattered the loyalists with epithets usually reserved for Jews, piped down. The Powers waited to see which way the Spanish cat would jump.

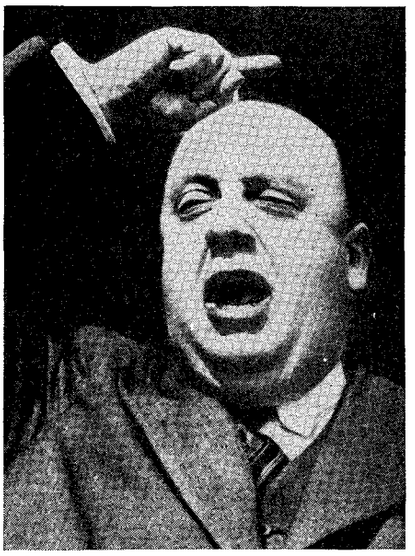
Shielded on the north by the formidable Guadarrama mountain chain, Madrid's defenders—the loyal Civil Guard, air units and Workers' Militia—were reinforced last week by large contingents of soldiers and sailors from Valencia, Mediterranean seaport. With their food and water supplies untampered by the encircling rebels, they loudly cheered the news that more than 2,000 miners grimly marched on Oviedo, Northern Asturias town, determined to blast the Fascist and Royalist occupants with dynamite.

Armed Masses—Stanchly supported by the masses, Azaña's Government still holds the territory east of Madrid to the coast and all Mediterranean seaports, with the exception of Cadiz; while General Franco's allies are as strongly entrenched in Spanish Morocco, Seville and Cordoba on the south, and Valladolid, Segovia and Saragossa on the north.

Further to cement the loyal masses against the insurgents, Premier José Giral Pereira angrily told how Capt. Ambrosio Ristoria, commanding the Capital's Civil Guard, found Fascists in civilian clothes and friars in clerical garb inciting the rebels against the defenders.

Heeding Communist and Anarcho-Syndicalist demands, he quickly authorized the two outstanding Leftist chieftains—Francisco Largo Caballero, extreme Socialist leader, and Indalecio Prieto, his moderate political colleague—to reorganize the Workers' Militia into a closely knit National Force ready to spring to action.

Red Carmens—Dead set on crushing their Rightist foes of Catholics, Royalists and



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Indalecio Prieto . . . called civilians to arms to defend the Spanish Government

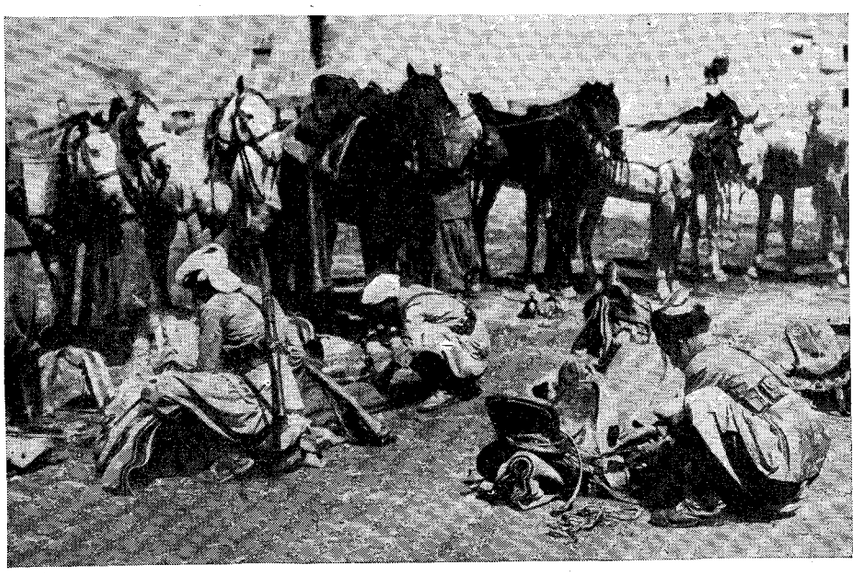
Fascists, the two leaders chose Luis Quintanilla, world-famous painter, to direct the reorganization of boy and girl pioneers as full-fledged militiamen.

This Red, bitterly anti-Fascist army includes a battalion of 1,000 women, divided into companies of 100 each under woman captains. Trained in pistol and Red firing, these Red *Carmens* were distributed to do patrol duty in towns and villages when the men are called to arms.

Under inspiration of dark-eyed, comely Dolores Ibarreri, the Communist Deputy known throughout Spain as *La Passionaria* (Passion flower), Madrid's radicals flocked under the Government's standard, hailing her as the Messiah against their Rightist betrayers. Crying "Down with the Fascists!" they mustered a corps of sixty volunteer bull-fighters and commandeered the Capital's 3,000 taxicabs for conveyance duty.

Rebels at Bay—In the North, rebel Gen. Emilio Mola, despairing of aid from Franco's Moroccan troops, suddenly changed his fearful tactics of starving Madrid into submission and concentrated his forces around Renteria, midway between loyalist-held San Sebastian and Irun on the Bay of Biscay.

Meanwhile, Government bombers, having almost decimated a rebel column operating between Huesca and Saragossa, about 200 miles northeast of Madrid, dropped



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Moroccan soldiers, who furnished Rebel General Francisco Franco with some of his strongest support

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thousands of leaflets bearing Premier Giral's message:

"Soldiers of Saragossa: When the militia enters the city shoot your leaders and fraternize with your comrades. Your officers represent the blackest sort of reaction. They are the defenders of the landowners who starve the peasants to death."

By their own admission still forty miles north of Madrid, officers of General Mola's troops freely stated that at least ten days would elapse before their capture of the roads leading to the Capital's suburbless northern quarters. They told their chief the Government had effectively fortified the heights of the Guadarrama mountains and rendered the gaping passes perilous. Alarmed by this report and the plight of his troops at Burgos, where food supplies were short, General Mola flew from his Pamplona headquarters to cheer the garrisons and press operations against northern cities still held by loyalists.

Reassured by the changed strategy of their foes and news of victory on most fronts, the Commerce Ministry decreed the control of all Spanish industries by a committee of four members and mobilized the merchant marine into an anti-Fascist armada.

Immediately they seized the huge Trans-Mediterranean Steamship Company, controlled by Spain's richest man, Juan March. Spain's *Crœsus* fled the country together with Gil Robles, the Catholic leader, in order to continue financing the rebellion from abroad against the millionaire-baiting Leftists.

Having amassed a large fortune during the War, March went into the tobacco business and the late Dictator Primo de Rivera granted him Spain's tobacco monopoly. Since then he has been the Right's power behind the Throne.

Church Helens—To retaliate against the Catholic bloc of Royalists and Fascists, the Cabinet ordered the strict enforcement of Article 26 of the Constitution. Designed to curb church influence, this law enables the Government to confiscate all buildings belonging to religious orders, bans obedience and vows to any but State authority and nationalizes church property.

Speedily, loyalist towns, especially Socialist stronghold Barcelona, applied the antichurch decree with rigid discipline, roughly throwing monks and nuns out of church buildings. An eye-witness, the New York *Times* correspondent at Madrid, William Carney, reports that "delegates from the Socialist General Workers' Union are giving valuable service to the Government by confiscating convents and religious schools, which with the churches, have become State property. Most of these buildings contain valuable paintings, tapestries and other art treasures, which are being carefully listed . . . to avoid thefts and vandalism. . . . The keys of the churches have been turned over to the Government to prevent the use of the buildings by Fascists for sniping or as places of refuge."

To the protests of the Vatican's official organ, *L'Osservatore Romano*, was added last week the plaint of the Rev. Laurence K. Patterson, who finds that "the clergy does not participate in campaigns for office, but naturally supports the Rightists because it wants to preserve itself and knows that the Leftists will overthrow the Government and religion by murder, arson and other violence."

Placing the number of male religious at 12,000 and nuns at 43,000, Father Patterson writes in the Catholic weekly, *America*, that "Spain needs a strong ruler who will repress Red Syndicalism and Communism on the Left, but endowed, too, with courage to face and liquidate entrenched greed upon the Right. Only violence can meet the Socialist-Communist-Syndicalist menace to Spain at the present time."

Writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Leland Stowe states that the church "possessed 210 monastic orders, male and female, in Spain. In 1910 the wealth of Spain's monastic orders alone represented one-third of the total wealth. There were Jesuit banks and Jesuit-controlled railroads, and the richest mines in the Asturias were owned by the order. Moreover, these vast properties were exempt from taxation."

Ashes and Rumors—As Spain entered the third week of world-shaking civil war President Manuel Azaña's Popular Front Government still was holding its own against the rebel forces of Commander-in-Chief Francisco Franco. The mounting cost was reckoned in the spilled blood of countless hundreds, in the smoldering ashes of churches and homes, and in terms of possible repercussions throughout a Europe already seemingly overripe for war.

The military situation in Spain was confusion itself. Out of the welter of contradictory loyalist and insurgent radio reports and heavily censored press reports two things stood out clearly: first, the rebels' original plan of a quick victory had failed utterly; second, the campaign strategy on both sides indicated a long drawn-out battle for power.

And battle-lines are sharply drawn. For five years since the monarchy was ousted, Spain, the battle-ground of embittered Rightist and Leftist politics, is sharply cleft into two irreconcilable regional units —*la Patria chica* and *la Patria grande* (the small and the large fatherlands).

Infuriated by the central Government, antichurch and antibusiness decrees, General Franco requisitioned harbor craft in Spanish Morocco and sent a tiny squadron of air-planes which disabled a government submarine which intercepted transportation of his troops to Spanish terrain. Quickly the loyalist fleet, aided by a Government air-squadron, showered destruction on Palma, Majorca, Capital of the Balearic Islands.

Using the Coast Guard Cutter *Cayuga* as his floating Embassy, United States Ambassador Claude G. Bowers ordered the United States Cruiser *Quincy* to take aboard all Americans wishing to leave the country. From Madrid 106 Americans were sent to Valencia, whence they sailed for Marseilles.

HAPSBURG HOPE: Tales of Austrian Imperial Family's Poverty Intrigue Peasants; Get Property

Austrian legitimists* heard from one of their leaders last spring that Archduke Otto von Hapsburg, twenty-three-year-old pretender, and his four brothers and three sisters often go hungry.

*Legitimists favor the restoration of the direct line of Hapsburg-Lorraine, as distinguished from the cadet or other corollary lines.

Authenticated News Photo

Archduchess Adelaide and Archduke Otto of Hapsburg: the battered toys they abandoned in 1919 will be restored to them

"On a visit to the royal family, I learned that meat is rarely seen on the table," Maj. Josef Jirouschek assured a weeping audience. "I attended a mass in the castle and noticed a hole as big as a two-schilling coin (a little smaller than a half-dollar) in the shoe of one Archduchess."

Last week, Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg, who meanwhile had dashed royalist hopes by an Austro-German agreement which presumably postpones a Hapsburg restoration for years, prepared to remedy the sad state of the shadow court in Steenockerzeel Castle, Belgium.

Suddenly acting under a law passed in July, 1935, he returned to the young exile six Vienna apartment buildings and stocks which have shrunk from pre-War millions to $380,000. Otto's agents in the transfer were Count Pallavicini, haughty Hungarian legitimist who never shakes hands with inferiors, and Duke Max of Hohenberg, son of the slain Franz Ferdinand by a morganatic marriage which cost the Duke the succession.

Lush Estates—The law, hitherto unenforced, promised Otto thirteen villas or small castles, and 62,000 acres of forest and rich Danubian fields, as well as the clothing, uniforms and battered toys the family abandoned in their 1919 flight.

But the Hapsburgs, prolific and poor as church mice, never can hope to regain their former inestimable wealth. The Hofburg, Vienna palace, and lovely, baroque Schönbrunn remain the property of the people, who often view the roped-off rooms.

All this the Hapsburgs lost when the Emperor Karl, Empress Zita, and six-year-old Otto left the Republic.

Sparse Feeding—Later, Zita helped with the family laundry. Her beautiful, undernourished children lived on the meager gifts of friends and wealthier relatives. In Spain, where grandees provided a villa for the exiles, conditions improved a little.

The Empress is an indomitable member of that Bourbon line (Bourbon-Parma) whose only men, it is said, were the women. Throughout her poverty she maintained a shabby court with down-at-heel supporters who rigorously observed the involved Spanish etiquette of the Hofburg. Like

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them, her younger children addressed Otto as *Majestät* (Majesty).

In Belgium, the brown-haired, full-lipped pretender at first pedaled to Louvain University on a bicycle. Later, he drove a Ford.

By that time the family had regained possession of several Hungarian apartment houses. In spite of royalist claims of poverty, which has a sentimental appeal among conservative Austrian peasants, observers estimate the Hapsburg income at $40,000 a year.

Austria's restitution may prove some small solace for the Throne of the Empire from which Otto was banished at six. Recently he verified a romantic story that he had once entered Austria. As a child of ten, he slipped away from a tutor in Switzerland, crossed the border of his native land, and picked a flower.

The only member of his immediate family to visit Austria more formally was his twenty-two-year-old sister, Archduchess Adelaide. She arrived in Vienna this summer, with permission to study social welfare institutions there, as work toward her doctor's dissertation. Professors tutored her privately, and the slender girl seldom appeared at the university. Legitimists, however, celebrated her presence and greeted her as the Emperor's sister.

Royal Appendicitis—A story spread that she would stage an appendicitis attack. Then Otto would dash to his sister's bedside, and even the Little Entente armies, pledged to war on his return, would not outrage world opinion by dragging him from the sick girl.

Baron Friedrich von Wiesner, royalist leader and local steward of Hapsburg interests, denied the tale hotly. "A fine story," he said, "but Her Highness's appendix is in good condition, and we will not use it in our propaganda."

If such a plot did exist, the Austro-German understanding quickly killed it. The young Archduchess hurried to join her mother in Italy. Angry legitimists hinted she would not be permitted to return for a scheduled visit this fall.

Many believed Doctor Schuschnigg had deliberately encouraged the legitimists' hopes of restoration in order to strengthen his hand while dickering with Adolf Hitler. The Chancellor's gesture in returning some of the promised property was designed to soothe them, as well as the imperial family.

FEZZES, SHIRTS: Egypt's Nationalists Wear Blue or Green; Grumbles Win Treaty

Red-fezzed *effendis* and white-turbaned *fellaheen,* lounging about the sidewalk cafés of Cairo and Alexandria, foregathered in a holiday spirit last week with student Nationalists. Putting aside their annual worries about the marketing of their cotton crop, they cheered in guttural Arabic: "Long live Egypt!"

Throughout the color-flashing, narrow bazaars of the native quarters in Attabat-al-Khadra and the swanky cafés of Cairo's Sharia Kasr el-Nil, the news of the impending treaty, granting Egypt her sovereignty and almost definitely ending England's guardianship, was the main subject of conversation.

Quick to express the pride of their compatriots were the zealous Blue Shirts, or Wafdist (Nationalist) Army of Youth, whose 10,000 members stanchly stand behind Egypt's fifty-year-old, handsome Premier Mustafa Pasha Nahas.

Inspired by the news, they donned their blue shirts, dangled their leather belts with the wooden truncheon over gray trousers. Displaying black armlets and red triangles containing a strong hand grasping the Key of Life, they strutted off through the Capital's main thoroughfares.

Bazaar Buzzes—Bazaars and villages throughout the Nile Valley buzzed with the rumor that the committee of Egyptian and British representatives had come to an agreement. Newspapers printed long accounts, stating that Sir Miles Lampson, Britain's gigantic High Commissioner, and his fellow committeeman, Air Marshal Sir Robert Brookes-Popham, had been holding night sessions to speed up the treaty accord.

While sphinx-like Premier Nahas greeted inquiries with a broad smile and said nothing, the Arabic press splashed florid front-page stories detailing a defensive and offensive alliance with England and pledging the two countries not to enter into treaties that prejudice their mutual interests. In Britain, the press was yet more explicit in its "disclosures," which insisted that negotiators have agreed on the following points:

England recognizes Egypt as a sovereign independent State.

The British Army in Egypt is to be reduced gradually while the native army is to be strengthened.

The Capitulations, special rights granted to foreigners, are abolished.

Egypt is to become a member of the League of Nations, like Iraq.

To compensate London for these concessions, the Royal Air Force will be increased; Alexandria will become a stronger naval base, and Egypt agrees to build strategic roads to allow British troops easy and rapid movements.

Long considered an affront to Egyptians' national dignity, the British garrisons in Cairo, stationed in the Old Citadel of Kasr el-Nil, beside the Nile, and at Abbasiah, are to be removed to Ismailia and Aboukir, near the Suez Canal.

British Rent—During Mussolini's sword-clattering last winter, Alexandria drew a large proportion of England's naval forces from home and Mediterranean waters to safeguard the Suez Canal. By the terms of the projected treaty, England is to pay rent for the use of Alexandria as an air and naval base, while Ismailia is to become a great air-drome.

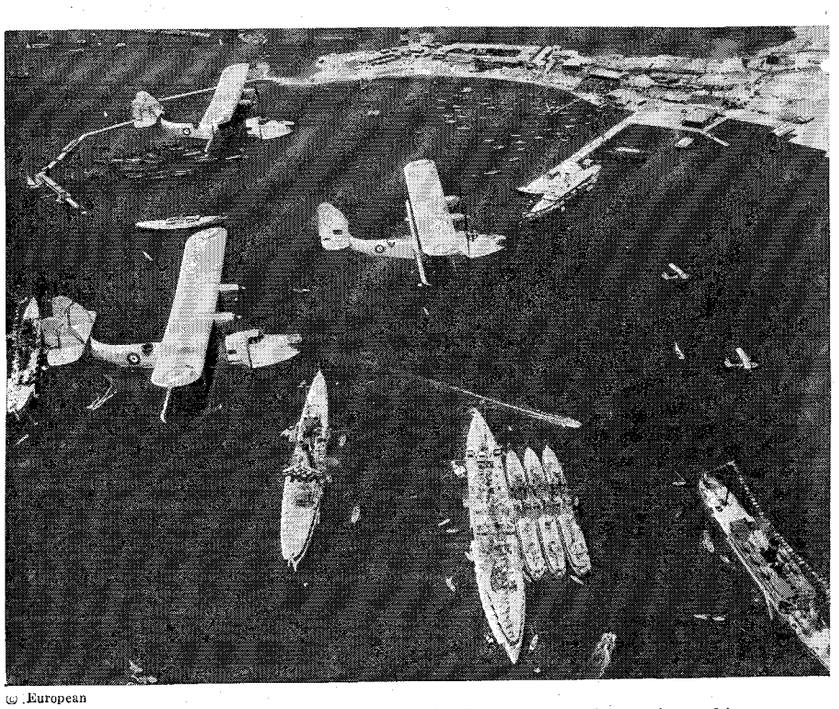
Almost from the time Egypt threw off Turkish suzerainty in 1914, her Nationalists, led by the late Said Pasha Zaghloul, have clamored for independence, often plunging the whole country into bloody riots and violent student demonstrations. To placate them, England gave Egypt nominal independence and a constitution in 1923.

Found unworkable, it subsequently was twice suspended. Revived in 1930, it had to be banned again because of a Nationalist outbreak for outright independence. It was only the Italian occupation of Ethiopia and the recent Pan-Arabian risings in Palestine and Syria that moved London to adjust the long-standing Anglo-Egyptian question.

About three months ago, a committee was formed to thrash out the vexing issue. Meanwhile, by way of precaution against Italian attack, Sir Miles directed the building of military roads in Egypt.

With feverish haste, a first-class tarred highway from Alexandria to the western frontier at Sollum was started, linking Egypt's Mediterranean seaport with Cairo and, indirectly, with Tangier, across Northern Africa. In the next few months, the main Cairo-to-Suez macadam road will be completed, thus placing the Capital within an hour and a half by automobile from the country's Red Sea port.

Already the first twenty miles of the highway across the Sinai Peninsula have been treated with bitumen. The completed



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Britain made concessions to Egypt, but will pay rent for the privilege of increasing her Royal Air Force and strengthening her naval base at Alexandria

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Acme

Italy's Bersaglieri—"Hardly a century of history, yet how many sacrifices, how many battles, how much glory!"

highway will link Egypt with Jerusalem, Capital of Britain's Palestine Mandate.

While Wafdist circles seem satisfied with the treaty progress, Egypt's ultra-Nationalists, known as the Green Shirts, are disgruntled. Tabooing all parties, they fanatically follow their leader, Ahmed Hussein, for complete severance of relations with England.

FOOT CAVALRY: Italy's Bersaglieri Hailed by Ex-Member, Corporal Benito Mussolini

Absent were the fanfare and the massed Black-Shirt formations in Rome's Piazza di Venezia when Benito Mussolini celebrated his fifty-third anniversary last week.

Because Fascism symbolizes the spirit of youth, public and press alike religiously forbore numbering the candles on the dictatorial cake. Italians, however, remarked on Il Duce's increased geniality, his "tougher" physical appearance and youthful vigor since the conquest of Ethiopia and the removal of "sanctions."

He was physically at his best last June when, from his famous balcony, he addressed a huge crowd of Fascists gathered to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Bersaglieri, Italy's celebrated battalion of agile, battle-scarred sharpshooters.

Il Duce wore the cup-crown sombrero, with its drooping black cocktail feathers, which formed his headgear as a humble corporal of the Eleventh Bersaglieri Regiment during the World War.

Feathered Feet—His words echoed the pride of Italians in the feathered, light-footed troops whose exploits at home and abroad have won them international renown.

"Creatures of fire and song," Carlo Delecroix, Italian writer and Deputy, hailed them. He recalled that in 1836 a certain soldier of fortune—Alessandro Ferrero della Lamarmora—approached the then King of Piedmont, Charles Albert, with the idea of forming a well-equipped and well-trained light infantry corps, rapid in movement and sure of aim.

Lamarmora submitted to his sovereign "a proposition for the formation of a company of Bersaglieri (It. *bersagliere,* sharpshooter, from *bersaglio,* a mark) and the model of a musket for their use."

Charles Albert liked the idea and issued a royal decree creating two companies. Altho his regular Army officers were displeased, Piedmont's gay women acclaimed the new troops, clad in blue tunics and waving green plumage, as warmly as did the lissom signorinas and fräuleins of Trieste when, in 1918, General Coralli's modern Bersaglieri, dressed in green-gray uniforms and with black feathers ornamenting their helmets, entered their city.

Short, agile and alert, the Bersaglieri are known for their great endurance and long marches. They can cover ninety or even 100 miles a day.

So great was their daring during the War that they suffered 32,000 dead, 50,000 wounded and won seventy gold and 5,000 silver medals. Since 1909 they have been equipped with bicycles and often referred to as mounted riflemen, forming twelve regiments in Italy's Army.

Il Duce summarized the admiration in which the fighting Bersaglieri are held by Italians when he raised a storm of applause at their centenary on June 18 with the words:

"Hardly a century of history, yet how many sacrifices, how many battles, how much glory!"

POKER SHOW-DOWN: Eden's Bluff Called in Diplomatic Round, Britain Writes Off Treaty

"And now a vote of thanks to Mussolini!"

With these ironic words Willie Gallacher, Communist M. P., last week sounded the finale of Anthony Eden's ill-fated attempt to save Ethiopia from Italy.

Eden, as the most promising young player in the diplomatic poker-game, had endeavored to bluff *Il Duce* by invoking sanctions. To ram the economic weapon down the throats of hesitant Powers, he had signed treaties of assistance against Italian aggression in the Mediterranean with France, Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia. But *Il Duce* called the bluff, swallowed Ethiopia whole, and succeeded in calling off sanctions.

France immediately declared the Mediterranean pact ended. Turkey and Greece followed. Since Yugoslavia never had ratified the treaty, Britain alone remained pledged to defend the Mediterranean Powers against *Il Duce.*

At first the British Foreign Secretary advanced the "uncertainty following the end of sanctions" as an excuse for retaining the treaties. Yet, when *Il Duce* refused to attend any meeting of Locarno Powers—Belgium, Britain, France, Germany, Italy—while the measures remained in force, Eden reconsidered.

Last week he announced formally: "I am glad to recognize and to declare that, in the view of His Majesty's Government, there is now no further need for British assurances." That, with Mr. Gallacher's interruption, ended Britain's Ethiopian adventure.

The statement cleared the way for Italy to attend the next conference of Locarno Powers. Like Germany, she boycotted the one held in London two weeks ago. Then Britain, France and Belgium, hopelessly handicapped by their absence, issued a communique again calling on the Powers to consider what steps could best insure European peace, seriously endangered by Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland.

No Solution—Having pacified Italy, Eden turned to the Reich, and Hitler's demand for colonies. While he would not promise that Britain would part with former German territory now ruled under League mandate, neither would he reassure Conservatives by offering a pledge that Britain would not part with them.

"The question of any transfer of mandated territory," he said, "would inevitably

Wide World

Capt. Anthony Eden . . . was a promising young man until he tried to block Mussolini

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raise grave difficulties, moral, political and legal, for which His Majesty's Government frankly says it has been unable to find any solution."

Sir Austen Chamberlain, former Foreign Secretary, leapt from his place on a back bench and turned his gleaming monocle toward his handsome successor. "I would not take on my shoulders," he stormed, "the guilt of putting another human being under a Government which refuses in its own country, to its own people, the rights of citizenship and makes them serfs."

Amid cheers, he voiced the plea of Tory die-hards that Eden reaffirm Sir Samuel Hoare's blunt statement last year: "The transfer of any British mandated territory is not a discussable question."

Again the Foreign Secretary hedged. "His Majesty's Government hopes," he said, "that with so many other international questions still unsolved, but with a new opportunity of advance toward their settlement having been afforded during the last few days, there shall in no quarter be a desire at this time to introduce further cause of serious differences between nations."

The appeal seemed aimed at Germans rather than fidgeting British listeners.

FREE LIBERIA: African Black Republic Participates in Recovery as Herzog Denies It's Hitler's Prey

Two little black States
Free in all of Africa,
Black Shirts gobbled one
Then there was—Liberia,

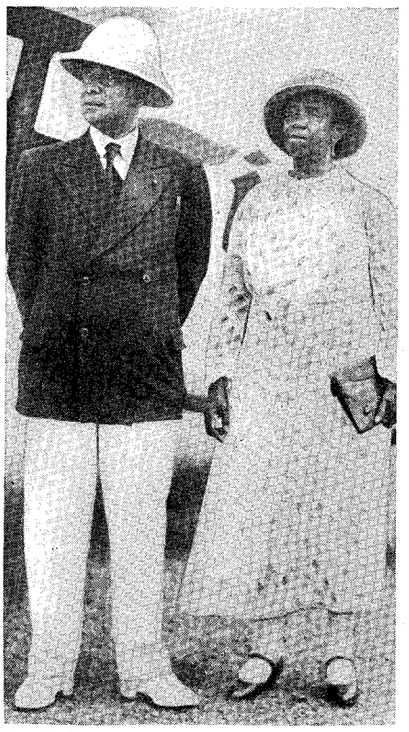
Founded by Henry Clay (great compromiser); Francis Scott Key ("Star-Spangled Banner" composer); Elisha Caldwell (Clerk of the United States Supreme Court), and other members of an American philanthropic society. Exactly 100 years ago, they sent Thomas Buchanan, cousin to the later President, out to Africa to help organize the bewildered blacks America had dumped penniless among hostile tribesmen.

"Liberia," rumbled big-shouldered President Edwin Barclay, looking out last month from the Parliament Building balcony at part of his militia of 4,000 and his Frontier Force of 400, "will maintain her status as a Negro State in this age of imperialistic conquest."

Celebrating with outward confidence his country's independence day on July 27, President Barclay's mind flashed back to the last of the many threats against Liberia's sovereignty. A year ago last May, rumor had sped over the world that peppery old Premier J. B. M. Herzog of South Africa had proposed throwing Liberia to Hitler to quiet the dictator's howls for colonies.

Premier Herzog's shocked denial that he even had thought of such a thing never quite caught up with the original quotation which, those who knew him felt, was too much in character to be unfounded. Memory of it causes Liberians to shudder.

Recovery Road—Right now, the century-old dream of a free republic for freed slaves and their descendants is a reality more nearly completed than ever before. With her debts reduced, adjusted and refunded into manageable proportions, a treasury surplus of



Wide World

President Edwin Barclay of Liberia, with his wife: "Liberia will maintain her status . . ."

$130,000 (first in eight years), and a new deal all 'round in sanitation, road-building, revenue collections, military administration and education, Liberia moves out of the depression.

That she was a capitalist State with no capital was, until 1926, the greatest of the black republic's many griefs; and even when Akron's Harvey Firestone, to break a price-kiting British rubber monopoly, took an option to lease 1,000,000 acres of jungle (actually clearing 55,000); and planted 7,500,000 rubber-trees, collapse of the rubber market, and world-wide depression threatened to tangle her finances in as complete a break-down as that of Wall Street in 1929.

Over the financial earthquake broke a scandal, cruelly ironical for a State of Liberia's origin, involving relatives of several government officials, including those of President C. D. B. King, in what United States Acting Secretary of State William ("Bill") Castle called "hardly distinguishable from organized slave trade."

Influential Liberians, a League of Nations Committee discovered, had contracted with Spanish cocoa-planters of Fernando Po (prior to 1898, Devil's Island of Spain for recalcitrant Cubans), to deliver at $45 a head, black bush-boys in lots of 3,000, with $5,000 bonuses for additional lots of 1,500.

Tho theoretically the recruits went voluntarily to the steamy volcanic island to harvest the big, cucumber-shaped cocoa-fruit, and screen its seeds from vats of the bubbling fermented pulp, the League found that the armed Frontier Force, formed to police the back country, actually was used to "catch" boys. On occasion the Frontier Force flogged publicly—before their assembled tribes—native chiefs who hindered the process. Prevalent, also, was a practise of "pawning" children into servitude for sums which their parents or guardians rarely could repay.

League Shocks—Geneva, very Holier than thou in 1934, rocked with indignation; and an unknown (then), Bond Street tailor's personification of perfection named Robert Anthony Eden stated in righteous Christ Church, Oxford, mush-mouthed and with utmost earnestness, that "Liberia has so grossly failed . . . that the League would be quite entitled to consider her expulsion under Paragraph 4, Article 16," of the Covenant. He offered simultaneously the good offices of His Majesty's Government to pass the problem on to the United States.

Pleas that conditions "hardly distinguishable from organized slave trade" were older than Liberia, and prevailed widely over parts of Africa governed by other League members and that anyway all but $5 out of the $45 a head went for expenses, were coldly received. Liberia had been founded for the sole purpose of assuring liberty to slaves. Her coat of arms was lettered "Love of Liberty Brought Us Here"; and section 4 of her constitutional bill of rights read:

"There shall be no slavery within this Republic."

President King resigned. The League washed its hands of the affair. Liberia was left for a time to stew in a brew of debt, disgrace and humiliation, from all of which she now is happily, and without League help, emerging.

The little group of English-speaking "Americo-Liberians" on the coast never has numbered more than ten or twelve thousand. Behind them, in a territory as large as Ohio, and as impassable as the jungles of the Amazon, are scattered 1,500,000 aborigines divided in some thirty-three tribes with differing languages, religions and customs ranging all the way from witchcraft to cannibalism.

White Schemes—Had the American freedmen been completely absorbed, wiped out or eaten by the wild blacks back in the bush, it would not have been surprizing.

It was inevitable that, without capital or industry, and without experience in obtaining either, their Republic should lurch along from one financial crisis to another somewhat in the manner of *Amos* and *Andy's* taxicab enterprise.

Certainly it could not have been anticipated intelligently that, in 1936, Liberia still should be a sovereign State with a two-party republican government, (People's Party and True Whigs), and the same kind of suffrage their ancestors remembered from America—(votes for real-estate-owning males over twenty-one), and actually should be participating in recovery.

INVADING BEAN: Soya Crops Exported From America Give Japanese Case of Jitters

Japanese shippers in dusty, polyglot part-Russian, part-Japanese, part-Chinese Harbin are barely recovering from the jolt given them in early summer when three cablegrams from London told them that Mississippi Valley farmers were underselling, by $5 a ton, and with better beans, Manchukuo's great staple soy-bean crop in the London market.

First message was from the London Branch of the Yokohama and Specie Bank.

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American soy-beans were offered, it said, at £6/1/3 ($30.44) C.I.F. per ton, against Manchukuan beans at £7/0/6 ($35.27).

Second and third messages were from Messrs. Louis Dreyfus and the East Asiatic Company, canceling orders to ship 10,000 tons of Manchukuan beans in June and July. Mississippi Valley beans were substituted for the Far East cargoes.

Japanese shippers looked, with pain in their solar plexi, at the huge woven bins and the mountain-ranges of gunny-sacks in which the puppet State's 4,000,000-ton crop, 8 per cent. of it raised for export, lay stacked in the open air, no equivalent for the American grain-elevator storage-system now rearing its concrete towers as part of Japan's expansion on the mainland.

Was this the end? Would next year's 4,000,000 tons soon be heaped on top of this harvest in an unmanageable surplus as disastrous as America's unwanted wheat after the War?

Smug Belief—Japan hitherto had comforted herself in the belief that Manchukuo's lead in soy-beans would exist forever; that the quality of their bean-oil was superior to any other and that they had at least as firm a hold on the world market as America had on the markets of cotton or corn.

For thousands of years Manchuria and North China had been the bean's only home. Wars had been fought over it. Millions of yellow men had lived and died with the bean as their staple food. A great railroad system had been organized around it. Now an upstart American soy-bean was both better and cheaper.

Clever Japanese had elected to take reprisals on Australian wheat-growers, for shutting out Japanese exports, by increasing Manchukuan wheat-acreage from a meager 2,420,000 acres to 563,500,000 acres. That was commercial war. But this blow from America was spontaneous individualism, they learned, rising from the enthusiasm of individual American farmers who had increased their soy-bean crop 400 per cent. since 1930 and were experimenting with it all the way from the Rio Grande to the green valleys of Vermont.

Canada was joining the rush. In the Balkans, Rumania was multiplying her soy-bean acreage by five in a single year.

"A transient" phenomenon, grunted Japanese merchants, whistling for courage in the dark. But later cables told them Americans were sowing, cultivating and reaping their swiftly expanding bean-farms by machinery, almost eliminating human labor costs. They looked out over the Manchukuan farms, where quilt-clothed, scraggly Chinese peasants with shaggy ponies and primitive implements were toiling for bare subsistence and hauling the crop to railheads a dozen bags at a time on hand-built two-wheeled carts with decorative, but squeaky, bolt-studded wheels, over roads better undescribed.

Would Japan have to go to the expense of industrializing her bean-culture to catch up—and could she?

In Berlin, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, gray-bristled Reichsbank head, denouncing such barter as a return to barbarism, even then was saving the Manchukuan shippers, at least temporarily, by contracting to take 100,000,000 yuan of their goods, meaning beans, a year.

Perhaps they could get German farming machinery as their part of the exchange.

Slow Haste—In America, experts were urging farmers to make haste slowly lest over-expansion of another "money-crop" should lead them to new disaster. In seven years, from almost nothing, the American crop had swelled to more than 1,000,000 tons; and the rush was gathering momentum.

Almost none, before its dramatic appearance on the London market, had been exported. New uses in industry were popping out of laboratories with bewildering speed. This bean was yellow, green, black, brown and in many sizes and shapes, was like the old medicine-show concoctions, good for everything. But this was real.

It could be made into flavoring powder, glue, cakes, bread, soap, cheese, salad-oil, varnish, butter substitutes, synthetic rubber, breakfast food, paint, candy, printer's ink, fertilizer, chocolate coatings, fountain pens, chicken-feed, linoleum, steering-wheels and furniture.

A million cars from Henry Ford's River Rouge plant are flitting about the country, most of their visible parts made from the superior soy-bean, the "Illini," raised on his 65,000-acre bean-farm near Dearborn. The "Illini" is a high-bred bean preferred by Mr. Ford to beans bearing the earlier names of Manchu, Ito San, Mandarin, Mikado, Ebony and the letters A.K.

All the paint on these cars is bean-oil paint. Five hundred and forty thousand gallons of "Illini" oil went into glycerin in the shock-absorbers. Gear-shift knobs, window-trim, insulation terminals, horn-buttons, timing-gears and distributor-cases are other reincarnations from the Ford bean-farm, said to be the biggest in the world.

With the increasing industrialization of the soya have come dangers unknown in the methods in vogue in the Far East for thousands of years.

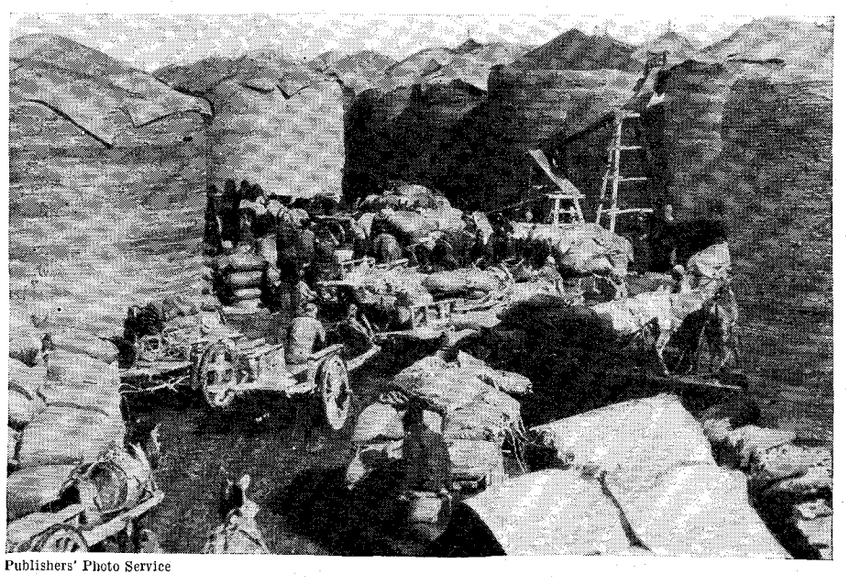
Orientals for centuries, and until recently Americans, have cracked the bean between rollers, heated it, and squeezed out the oil in presses, great or small. But the old method is giving way, in the United States at least, to a process of dissolving the oil out with a solvent, often gasoline, sometimes hexane. The solvent subsequently is recovered and can be used again and again.

Not entirely without danger is the new process. Last October Varnum Parish, Jr., showing off his one-farm dissolving plant six hours after he started it, using hexane, was killed, with his assistant, in the plant's explosion. And in the same month a Chicago plant with a capacity of 4,000 bushels a day, extracting lecithin for use in chocolate candy coatings, blew up, killing eleven and injuring forty-five.

Broad Acres—Nothing halts American enthusiasm for the magic bean or its uses. In Texas, four counties last year planted more than the whole bean acreage of the State the year before; and it would be difficult to-day to find a corner of the whole United States, or of the North American continent, in which experiments, large or small, are not under way to wring riches from the hard little seed that was, until a few years ago, almost a monopoly of Manchuria and North China.

Manchukuo's production has dropped from 5,227,000 tons in 1931 to 3,822,000 tons in the last twelvemonth; and even tho America's invasion of the world market may be, as the Japanese hope, only temporary, it has shaken them terribly.

Germany may not take up the slack forever.



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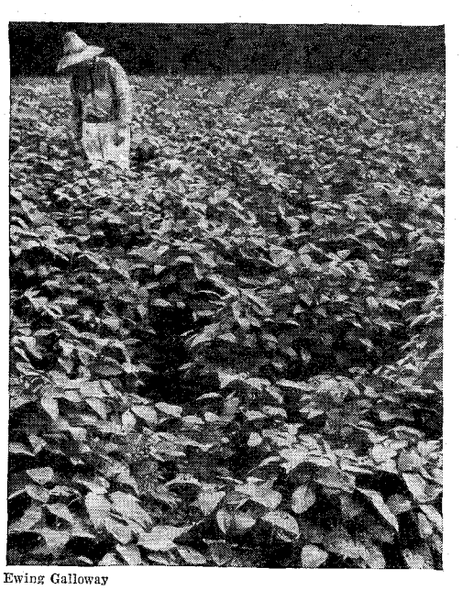

Ewing Galloway

Manchukuo has a vast store of soy-beans (left), but trad ers fear the rapid growth of the American crop (right)

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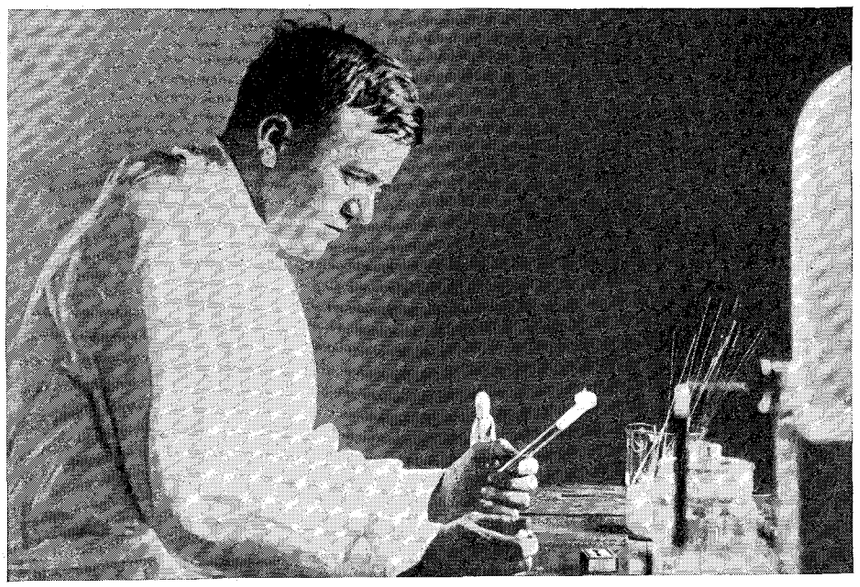
YELLOW NOSES BATTLING PARALYSIS

Swish of Atomizers in Alabama Quells Poliomyelitis Epidemic



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Dr. Charles Armstrong: his nasal sprays gave Alabama children saffron-colored noses

Last month, Dr. R. D. Wright, practising physician of Leighton, Colbert County, Alabama, dropped in at a cabin on the Tennessee River and found a child lying in bed with a stiff neck and back. When the doctor touched its muscles, the child screamed. Apprehensively, the physician diagnosed the ailment: infantile paralysis.

Within a week, Doctor Wright had seven other cases. Before ten days had passed, nineteen cases were reported in the County, 100 more near-by. The following week, cases rose to 200, with eighteen deaths.

Citizens of Northern Alabama's beautiful Tennessee Valley ceased talking of cheap electricity and turned to a grimmer subject. Sunday schools and church gatherings were banned; picture-shows were closed. State authorities rushed a corps of paralysis experts into the area to take charge, and Dr. J. N. Baker, State Health Officer, appealed to Washington for aid.

Dr. Charles Armstrong of the United States Public Health Service, veteran of two decades of fighting infantile paralysis, packed a bag with atomizer and bottles of bitter yellowish fluid, and took the first train. A few days later, his colleague, Dr. P. J. Leake, followed.

Damp Dye—Last week, the swish of atomizers could be heard in nearly every home in Alabama. Northern drug-supply jobbers were puzzled by the sudden demand for nasal sprayers, ordered by the thousand. The market for sodium alum, an almost unused chemical, boomed; Alabama was demanding it by the barrel. Picric acid, a yellow dye of uncertain temper, was going South, dampened with water to keep it from exploding en route.

Children in Alabama were wearing noses stained a bright saffron color.

From Washington, the Public Health Service sent leaflets to newspapers all over the country, explaining.

The virus or germ of infantile paralysis enters the human body through the nose, boring into the olfactory-nerve and riding it like a broad highway to the brain. There the disease seizes control, inflames the hind brain, attacks the spinal cord and produces paralysis, fever and sometimes death.

Doctors have tried to fight paralysis with serum made from the blood of people who recovered from the disease; they have gone after it with vaccines made from the spinal cords of diseased monkeys. They might as well have used water.

A year ago, however, Doctor Armstrong and Dr. W. T. Harrison discovered that a solution of picric acid squirted into a monkey's nose prevented the animal from contracting paralysis. Groping toward other mixtures, they found the best solution to be picric acid and sodium alum dissolved in mild salt water.

Uncle Sam's Formula—Any druggist can mix the solution, following these directions:

Solution A—Dissolve one gram of picric acid in 100 cubic centimeters of physiological salt solution (0.85 per cent.). Warming facilitates solution of picric acid.

Solution B—Dissolve one gram of sodium-aluminum sulfate (sodium alum) in 100 cubic centimeters of physiological salt solution (0.85 per cent.). Any turbidity in this solution should be removed by filtering one or more times through the same filter-paper.

Mix solutions A and B in equal amounts. The resulting mixed solution, which contains 0.5 per cent. picric acid and 0.5 per cent. alum, is sufficiently antiseptic to prevent the growth of organisms and is ready for use as a spray. Home-made concoctions are not favored.

An ordinary nasal spray or even a perfume-atomizer can be used. The spray tip should be pointed upward and backward in each nostril, and the spraying should be thorough enough to reach the pharynx. A bitter taste is the signal.

Public Health doctors can not say how the spray works; possibly it kills the virus as it enters; perhaps it toughens the nasal membrane to put up a stiffer resistance.

But, last week, the epidemic in Alabama continued to subside. Two weeks ago it had dropped from the high of eighty-two cases for the week ending July 11 to thirty-six. Similarly, the number of cases in Mississippi and Tennessee was reduced from the peaks of twelve and thirty, respectively. Health officials were confident that they could control the epidemic.

Dr. Thomas Parran, United States Surgeon General, said: "At last we have something that promises results."

SEA'S WEALTH: Biggest Fish Get Away, But Bromin Chemists Caught Valuable Little Feller

Every fisherman has a favorite story about the big one that got away, but chemists of the Dow-Ethyl Chemical Company have a true yarn that probably is tops.

This year they went fishing for chemicals in a square mile of sea-water seventy-six

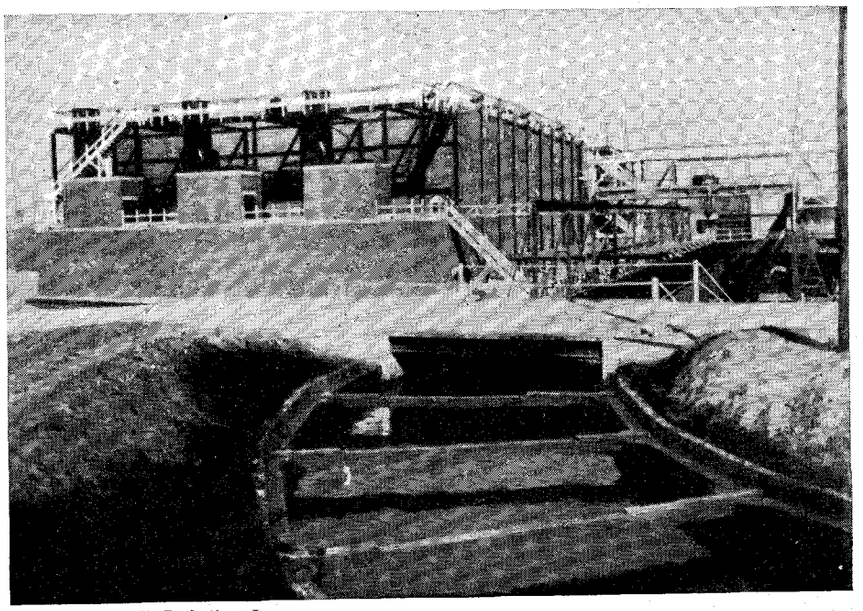

Photo Courtesy Audio Productions, Inc.

Ocean water flowing from the Dow-Ethyl plant at Kure Beach, near Wilmington, North Carolina. . . carried away chemicals and metals worth $73,094,600

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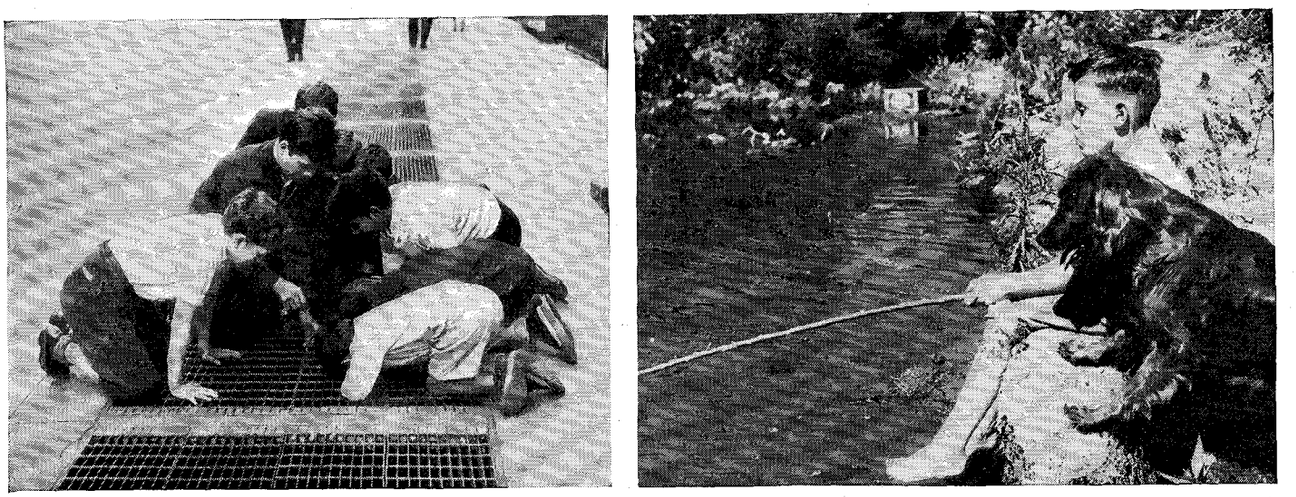

Acme

At eleven, city boys are more "grown up" than country boys . . . but during the next few years the country boys catch up

feet deep, by pumping it through the Company's bromin plant at Kure Beach, near Wilmington, North Carolina. Out of it they hooked a profitable little "fish" in the shape of 4,000 tons of bromin, worth about $1,720,000. But the big one got away: a collection of chemicals and metals worth $73,094,600.

Slippery Stuff—No inventor has found a successful way of extracting these slippery items, which included:

Gold, eighty-six pounds, worth $36,300 at the United States Mint; enough to make a six-inch ball.

Silver, one and one-third tons, for which the Government would pay $25,120, and from which a silversmith could make a globe two feet in diameter.

Salt, 1,831,000 tons of it, worth $24,500,000; pressed into one-foot cubes, it would make a solid row from New York to Los Angeles and half-way back.

Epsom salts, 464,800 tons, worth $17,660,000; enough to give everybody in the United States eight pounds.

Calcium chlorid, 101,000 tons, worth $2,220,000. Useful in hardening sand, clay or gravel roads, this would maintain 20,000 miles of highway.

Potassium chlorid, 52,250 tons, worth $4,180,000; chemists could turn it into 1,000,000 tons of potash-fertilizer.

Magnesium, 41,900 tons, worth $20,950,000; sufficient for a photographic flash big enough to be seen all the way to Mars, or for 200,000 gondolas like the one attached to the recent Army-National Geographic Society stratospheric balloon.

Aluminum, 119 tons, worth $45,100. It would provide pistons for 50,000 autos.

Copper, eight tons, worth $1,500; sufficient to make 300 miles of telephone wire.

Iodin, two and three-quarter tons, worth $8,280. It would make 24,000 gallons of tincture of iodin, enough to disinfect 1,359,360,000 insect bites.

Iron, 125 tons, valued at $7,500. It would make about 30,000,000 nails.

Strontium, the metal that makes fireworks red; 138 tons, worth $82,800, enough to color about 1,000,000 rocket-bombs.

The Kure Beach plant is the first successful attempt to tap some of the mineral wealth of the ocean. Water is pumped from the Atlantic, passed through chemical processes that extract the bromin, and dumped into an estuary where it can not mix with the untreated water coming in.

Last year, the plant produced about 40 per cent. of the bromin used in this country; the rest comes mostly from brinewells in Michigan. A little bromin is used for medicine, headache-powders and morning-after katzenjammer-chasers, but most of it goes into the manufacture of tetraethyl lead for antiknock gasoline.

One gallon of this requires bromin from about ten gallons of sea-water.

YOUTH'S FLING: Tag, Cowboys and Indians, "Gang Age," Then Youngsters Grow Up

Junior is going-on-sixteen, and his parents are worried. There is a full moon over the beach, a "hot" orchestra at the hotel, and the little girl in the stucco cottage down the shore is quite visibly blossoming into a woman. If *Junior's* parents would forget the moon-calf love-stories they've read, and go hunt up their son, they'd probably find him calking a dingey or monkeying with a chemical set in the garage.

The puppy-love legend is a myth, says Dr. Paul Hanley Furfey in *Science Service;* it's the novelists and scenario-writers who are romancing. And he backs up his case with a study of a group of boys up to sixteen at Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., which showed that half of them were up to their ears in schoolwork, mechanics, science and 100 other things that interest normal adults.

Doctor Furfey makes a thorough job of reassuring overanxious papas and mamas while he is at it. Beginning with the undertens, he traces the normal path through animal savagery to comparative civilization, with all its amused tolerances.

Play Age—Up to ten, he says, the normal child is the ruggedest of rugged individuals. Small boys get into fist-fights, little girls yank hair. They enjoy playing together, at such old-standby games as tag, but that is only the better to show off. This is the age-span when boys dramatize themselves as cowboys, G-men, Indians, train-dispatchers and circus-performers. But, in every game, it is strictly a matter of every man for himself.

At ten or eleven, the pendulum swings. It is the beginning of the "gang age." *Junior* comes home from school fired with secretive plans for constructing a "clubhouse" out of old boards, and can he please have a site near *Mother's* prized rock-garden for his "Little Scorpions" or "Secret Six"? There follow upset days of missing furniture, mystic codes, mumbled passwords, wooden machine-guns and very, very little mowing of the lawn.

But even tho *Junior* and his cohorts hunt down *Jake the Rat* and *Bloody Ben* with their wooden guns, and even tho their jargon is the jargon of movie and newspaper public enemies, the Washington sociologist does not believe parents need lose sleep. Few of them will become real gangsters, he predicts. Joining "gangs" at ten to twelve is perfectly, hideously normal.

Nor are boys the only ones. Girls, too, have their "Four O'Clock" and "True Blue Clubs," go in very seriously for the Camp Fire Girls and Girl Scouts during this age-span. And sometimes their whispered vows and hairtrigger giggles are annoying around the house.

But with both sexes, all that disappears at the beginning of adolescence, starting in the early high-school years and continuing to maturity. No period in a young person's life has been so much discussed as adolescence, says Doctor Furfey—adding that there is no age about which the psychological big-wigs and professional child-trainers really know so little.

Common Trait—One trait, he agrees, is common to most adolescents: they hate restraint and authority. And they can't abide being treated as children.

The teacher who "bosses" him, the father who insists on unquestioning obedience, and the policeman who protects the fruit man's apples and the neighbors' lawns—all appear to the adolescent boy as ogres against whose authority he must rebel. He isn't sure enough of himself to submit gracefully to commands, and that's precisely where he gets into trouble at school and with the law.

There also is some truth to the popular belief that city boys are more "grown up" than country boys. At eleven, says Doctor Furfey, the average city boy is two years ahead of his country cousin.

But, by the time both boys reach thirteen or fourteen, the country lad has "caught up." After that it isn't safe to try to sell him the Brooklyn Bridge.

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CINEMA ROMPS WITH FOUR QUEENS

Hollywood and England Skirmish With History of Tudor Times

Returning from three months in Europe, Hunt Stromberg, producer, cheered Hollywood with brave words:

"There is an increasing international demand for Hollywood motion-pictures. . . . Jealousy of the American product has been replaced by the admission that Hollywood has made and will make the greatest pictures."

There was great soothing in these sentences because a few of the local producers had been somewhat startled by preview reports of an English picture, "Nine Days a Queen," exuberantly heralded by Gaumont-British.

And something sensational is apt to happen in Hollywood whenever any foreign company produces a good film; there are new stars to be located, writers to be hired and directors to be signed.

History comes in for a good deal of attention in the important films of August. There is "Mary of Scotland" with Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March, in addition to this latest importation.

"Nine Days a Queen" reveals a Tudor panorama; Henry VIII dying, Edward VI on the Throne briefly, Lady Jane Grey as Queen of England for nine days, to be followed by "Bloody Mary."

History students then may follow cinema skirmishes with history in "Mary of Scotland," wherein Mary, Queen of Scots, a Stuart, and Elizabeth, a Tudor, air their grievances.

86 Minutes—Approached as they are from different view-points, the two films offer little in comparison.

Both of the heroines go to the scaffold and John Knox berates the sinful through the two régimes. "Mary of Scotland" is told in 123 minutes, many of which are dull; "Nine Days a Queen" takes only eighty-six minutes, most of which is the most thrilling cinematic entertainment offered in several years.

Pictorially lovely, literate in the writing, and containing a number of stirring scenes, "Mary of Scotland" offers too much juggling for some audiences. The prime question always remains how Katharine Hepburn as *Mary* and Fredric March as the *Duke of Bothwell* can be kept as "costars" and still hold any semblance of the original characters. The film opens with a series of powerful scenes which later become diffused, due to an apparent effort to keep history at its best and tell the story from three view-points: *Mary's, Bothwell's* and *Queen Elizabeth's*.

History openly defies Hollywood's theory of "boy meets girl," "boy loses girl," and "boy wins girl" in this story. *Mary, Queen of Scots,* loses her *Bothwell,* but, then, in an apparent effort to bring Fredric March back into the picture—*Bothwell* is shown to be dying in some vague Danish prison. This scene, with undertones of "The Count of Monte Cristo," gives the film its final jar.

Pipes Skirl—As *Elizabeth,* Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March) gives the surprize performance. The most welcome interrupters of the action are the members of the pipe-band who accompany March wherever he goes.

All these men, RKO Radio insists were born in Scotland and all fought in the British forces during the War. With rare éclat and blowing, they inject noise and pep into "Mary of Scotland."

Both Miss Hepburn and Miss Eldridge depend upon "mouth-twitching" to cover a variety of moods; reverence, fear, love and indignation. Time was when this was considered the last resort of an aging French actress.

Praising the work of the stars, the director, John Ford, and the scenarist, Dudley Nichols, the Hollywood *Reporter* was doubtful of "Mary of Scotland's" chance of success. "Extremely lavish in its production, it is rather dull in entertainment values, due to its great length. . . . The picture sinks, in so far as this reviewer is concerned, by the attempted telling of too much story and the dragging of most every scene to an unbelievable length. . . . The Hepburn fans will not stamp her performance in *Mary* as her best, nor among her best."

The Daily Variety is more lenient. "Plaudits to all those connected with the production of 'Mary of Scotland.' Repetitious in spots, it requires tightening."

The present film-version was adapted from Maxwell Anderson's play of the same name which was produced with great success by the Theatre Guild, with Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale in the leading rôles.

Child Stars—In "Nine Days a Queen," Nova Pilbeam, as *Lady Jane Grey,* fulfills the hopes critics had for her as an actress in "Little Friend" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." Sir Cedric Hardwicke dominates every scene with the customary sureness for which he has been acclaimed "one of the world's leading actors."

Katharine Hepburn as "Mary of Scotland": "Mouth-twitching" covers a variety of moods

Desmond Tester, as the child-king, offers a new threat to Freddie Bartholomew's position as the most beloved boy on the screen. In other leading rôles Sybil Thorndike, John Mills, Felix Aylmer, Leslie Perrins and Frank Cellier give stirring performances.

This Gaumont-British picture has just opened in Hollywood and will be given as a road-show presentation throughout the country.

"Nine Days a Queen," with Cedric Hardwicke and Nova Pilbeam: Hollywood producers were startled

GOOD BANKHEAD: San Francisco Critics Find Tallulah Best When Playing Herself

After vainly reading scripts for a year, Tallulah Bankhead finally found a play to her liking. It is "Reflected Glory," by George Kelly, current in San Francisco. Under the combined Eastern and Western egis of Lee Shubert and Homer Curran, the new offering had its première on the West Coast and was accorded plaudits from Nob Hill, first nighters, Hollywood scouts, and Broadway snoopers.

There are those who believe Miss Bankhead to be the most dynamic figure on the

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De Forrest Photo

Tallulah Bankhead, in "Reflected Glory," was playing Bankhead, but it was good Bankhead

American stage. These enthusiasts cheer at the thought of a possible American success for her; moaning, at the same time, the dull motion-pictures and indifferent plays in which she has appeared since returning from ten years of success in London.

Part and Play—Now, apparently, "Tallu" has a part and a play. From the San Francisco press it seems that she does well by both. George Kelly, the author, has believed recently that his audience was not to be found in the American theater of the last few years.

Pulitzer prize-winner for "Craig's Wife" and author of "The Show Off" and "The Torchbearers," among other scripts, he occupies a top position among American playwrights. From reports he now has found his audience.

"Reflected Glory" is a variation on the theme of the actress torn between love of love and love of the stage. In the end, both loves are victorious as she continues on the stage while stopping for a salute at the altar.

The San Francisco press hinted that Miss Bankhead was playing Miss Bankhead, but that it was good Bankhead.

"It is an artistic work," said Ada Hanifin in the San Francisco *Examiner*, "but to reach a wide audience that is to achieve popular appeal Kelly must invest it with vitality, strengthen it by means of dramatic contrast and enliven it with a little of the comedy for which he is noted."

Less prophetic was Katherine Hill in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. "In the soundness and theatrical effectiveness of its dialog and characterizations, 'Reflected Glory' is a play that illustrates afresh the conceded Kelly genius for stage-writing."

At the end of the first week the play was considered a hit as Golden Gate autograph-hounds were flocking to the stage-door of the Curran Theater. Miss Bankhead plans to tour through the South before reaching New York in November. It also is reported in Hollywood that producers would like to sign her for pictures.

STAR REBELS: Players Visit Lawyer After Lawyer to Examine Contract After Contract

Dictated to by the legionnaires of decency, the churches and divers State censors—Hollywood was almost becoming a citadel of quiet. Then, like a thunderbolt, James Cagney jumped his contract at Warner Brothers and star after star visited lawyer after lawyer to examine contract after contract.

Victor in the lower courts, Cagney penned his signature to an agreement with Grand National Films Inc. at $100,000 a picture. This was done after other studios indicated they would be unable to use the services of the virile hit-and-run cinema hero. Hollywood's eyelids fluttered before the name of this new company, Grand National Films Inc., an outgrowth of the now defunct Pathé.

Rebellious stars emerged from a flock of dressing-rooms. At last, they muttered, Hollywood had learned that studios must have stars and stars must have a proportionate amount of the dimes, quarters and half-dollars popping into box-offices. Audiences may tolerate bad stories; yet, stars they insist upon. That is—for a few years, and after that—stars won't have to worry about the "after that," they maintain, if they are paid to the hilt while at the crest of popularity.

Money Trouble—The principal objection in contracts is usually centered around the question of money. Then come the clauses about the way in which stars are to be advertised, their supervision of stories, casts, directors and supervisors.

In the last two years the question of how many outside films may be made at other studios has arisen. Some actors wish to have more care taken with their productions; others, such as Eddie Cantor, wish to make more films annually with less production detail involved.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen-reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The White Angel"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"; "San Francisco."

AAA—"Desire"; "Sons O' Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirate"; "Early to Bed"; "M'liss"; "The Devil Doll"; "Suzy."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

Rebellion and confusion are now at their height in the film capital. Paramount is suing Sam Goldwyn for $5,000,000 because, they insist, he pilfered Gary Cooper from their ranks. Eddie Cantor is tugging at a Goldwyn contract because he wants to make two pictures a year for Fox-Twentieth Century. Bette Davis has refused to report for work at Warner Brothers, Margaret Sullavan is pouting ardently at Universal, and rumors are afloat on Vine Street that Carole Lombard wants double her present salary or $150,000 a picture from Paramount.

Contract Wars—During the last few years motion-picture producers have frequently battled with their stars over contracts. Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak, Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, George Raft, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, Errol Flynn, Katharine Hepburn and Gene Autrey are all among the insurgents who have disagreed with their bosses.

At the fountain-head of the rumors in Hollywood, it now is alleged that Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers want to join Cagney at Grand National Films Inc. Most ironical of all, however, is the rumor that Warner Bros. money is behind the new company.

In New York Edward L. Alperson, President of Grand National Films Inc., was peppered by phone-calls. "There is no Warner Brothers backing in this company," he declared. "And I have no statement to make about other stars wishing to join our organization."

James Cagney, who rebelled successfully against his Hollywood contract; Margaret Sullavan, now in the process of rebelling, and Carole Lombard, who is expected to rebel

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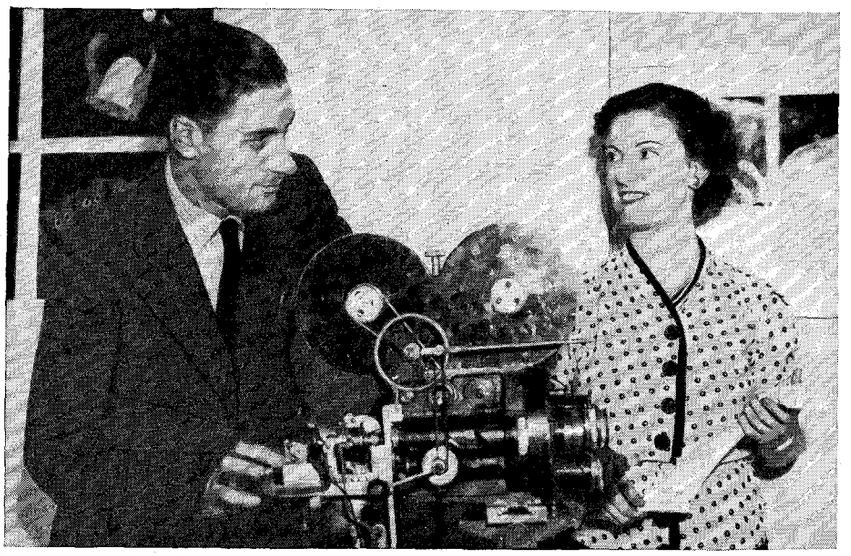
"EXPANDING CINEMA'S SYNCHROMY 2"

Plaster Heads Depict Moving Design of Light and Sound



New York *World-Telegram* Photo

Experimenters in a new art-form: Mary Ellen Bute and Theodore J. Nemeth, "Expanding Cinema, Inc.," plan to express sound in light, light in sound

Visual music appeared last week on the screen of New York's Radio City Music Hall. As the title, "Synchromy No. 2," flashed off the screen, a series of three-dimensional geometrics waved and danced there to the gravely lyrical music of Wagner's "Evening Star" aria from "Tannhäuser" in accompaniment to Reinald Werrenrath's voice.

As the music swelled to a climax, circling, classic-featured plaster heads weaved their way into the moving design; then came a final crossing of brilliantly lighted, snowy stairs. Notes, words and pictures closed on a pitch of exaltation.

While the excitement of the preview audience echoed through the theater's vast cavern, Mary Ellen Bute whispered exultantly: "We've done it! It went over!"

"Right!" returned Theodore Nemeth, grinning happily.

Disney Method—For fourteen months, the pair had been working in their plaster-walled villa-studio in a courtyard back of a Chinese laundry on Forty-sixth Street. The preview's wondering audience, and, later, visitors to a contracted showing at Radio City, have little time in the eight-minute exhibition to realize that "Synchromy No. 2" has been produced by a Disney-like method of photographing each pose of Miss Bute's logarithmically-planned models.

"From *Mickey Mouse* to a serious expression of music in terms of light is not a great transition for a cameraman," comments Ted Nemeth, whose trick photography has been used widely by advertising and newsreel services.

"The difference," he explains, "is that Disney photographs flat cartoon surfaces, while we have to take shots of three-dimensional models set up on a little stage the size of a platter. For the single reel of one of our expanding cinemas, I have to take 7,000 separate, yet closely related, photographs."

It was not tediously skilful photography alone that kept Texas-born Miss Bute and Massachusetts-born Mr. Nemeth busy for so long a time on their second experimental synchromy.

"We are trying to express music in terms of light," declares the charming script-writer of the duo, with a trace of her native Lone Star State drawl. "It's not a new idea—goes back to Aristotle's idea of poetic motion in the 'Poetics,' and was foreshadowed by the modern Theremin instrument and the Clavilux."

Stroboscopics—Only a crinkle about her eyes tells of Miss Bute's ten years' study at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Yale Drama School, the Sorbonne, Gerald Warburg's studio and Hunter College. With Prof. Léon Theremin, who constructed a music-box played by mere flourishes of the performer's hands, Miss Bute studied stroboscopics (visual study of motion). She has assisted Thomas Wilfred, perfecter of the Clavilux light organ used to accompany religious meditation with shifting color at St. Marks in-the Bouwerie.

Behind Miss Bute's models of the mathematical order which exists in music are the esoterically trigonometric investigations of the editorial board of *Scripta Mathematica,* learned journal of Yeshiva College in New York City. The professors work out equations for the scale of the model and tempo of the visual music which Miss Bute arranges and Mr. Nemeth photographs.

"My interest in the relations between light and sound rhythms began when I was a child on my father's ranch," the studious young lady explains. "I read about abstractionist French art and Marcel Duchamp's 'Nude Descending a Staircase' in THE LITERARY DIGEST (February 19, 1921)."

She met photographer Ted Nemeth at the New York Film Service Laboratories in 1934; his professional interest in the technical possibilities of floating lights and rotating cones drew them together in her long-studied project.

Their first synchromatic film, "Rhythms in Light," appeared at Radio City in 1934. The theater's managers, who had decided to take a flyer on a weirdly fascinating experiment, were surprized to have patrons tell them that its jiggling phosphorescence did aid appreciation of Grieg's "Anitra's Dance" from the "Peer Gynt Suite."

Song Lingers—Voice was added to "Synchromy No. 2" because the experimenters believed in leaving as a song Wagner's "Evening Star."

"The Yeshiva mathematicians, who inspire us, eventually aim to construct music from the equation in a sequence of pictures, not pictures from already-written music," Miss Bute notes in a lowered prophetic voice.

"Right now, we're taking the next step forward," says Ted Nemeth, pointing to fantastic geometric colored drawings with

Abstractionism invades the movies: "Synchromy No. 2" blends flickering, geometrical shapes with Richard Wagner's music and Reinald Werrenrath's voice

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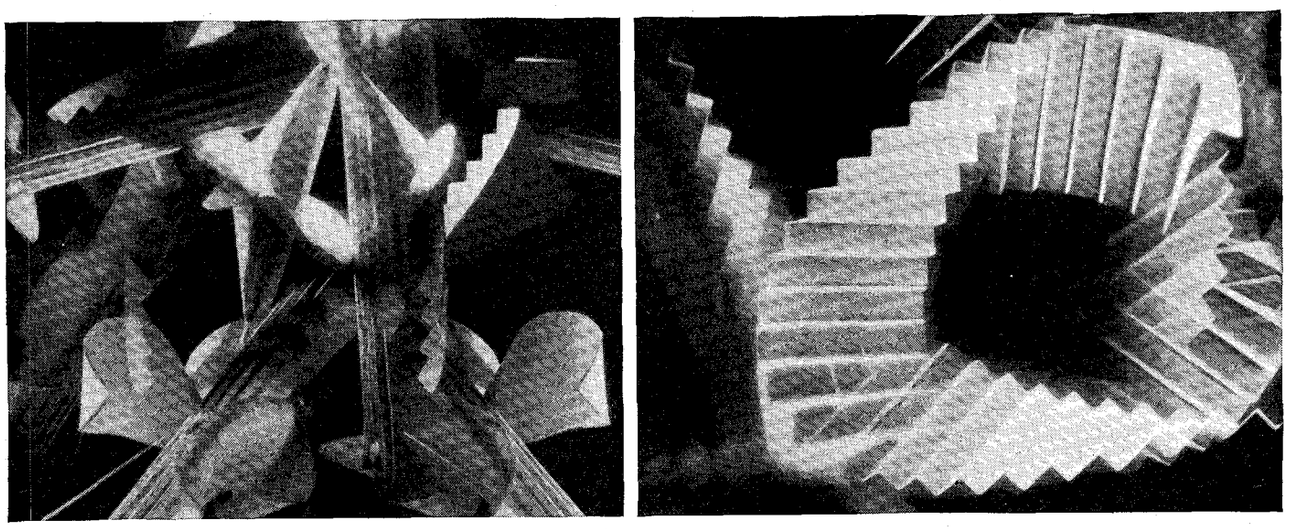


Waxen lilies burst from a marble pillar's separated form (left): but the climax of "Synchromy No. 2" is a series of unfolding staircases

which the walls of the room containing their photomicrographic-lensed camera are lined.

"Our next movie will be in color. It's because we'll be going ahead for years, exploring the enormous possibilities of this different art-form, that we call our small organization the 'Expanding Cinema'."

BATIK GENIUS: Montenegrin Pictures Legendary Heroes by Dipping Muslin Into Dye-Pots

In his little studio hard by the Mississippi where it flows through St. Louis, Savo Radulovich straightened up from his batik dye-pots and looked out at the soft blue sky. "I wouldn't work in a coal-mine again for a thousand cash," he said, with all the defiance of his twenty-six years. "Money doesn't mean everything to me—as it did when I was young."

When he had worked the kinks out of his wide shoulders, he displayed some of the batik-work he had created by dipping great squares of muslin into his dye-pots. His subjects were straight-featured, black-browed legendary heroes of his native Montenegro.

An artistic instinct, which he believes descended to him from his grandfather, a church-sculptor, always has coursed through Savo Radulovich's blood. Twenty years ago, in the communal sheep-pasture outside the cluster of a white-walled Montenegrin village where he was born, Savo heard the rumble of distant Serbian and Bulgarian guns. They made the overtones for the legendary tales he heard at his grandfather's knee.

Charcoal Hero—One day, his mother, coming to the pasture to find out why the family's herd was late in returning at sundown, found her son with a piece of charcoal in one chubby fist. He was frowning over a slab of rock on which he had been trying to draw Kralyevich Marco, who had ridden down and scattered the Turks in 1485. The legendary hero held aloft a murderous curving sword.

Savo was six, then. Money was scarce in the battle-torn Balkans. None recognized the lad's incipient genius. Five more childhood years went by, and, then, what passed for *Fortune* smiled on him. His father, who had opened a photographic studio in America, sent for Savo and his mother. "I came to America with great hopes," he recalls.

After finishing public school at eighteen, he was forced by lack of money to work in a coal-mine in Zeigler, Illinois. "It was hard not to be able to look at the sky," he says, with a dreamer's look in his blue eyes. "I was glad when a strike closed the mine."

Then came a year on the "belt" in the General Motors plant at Detroit, a period in which his spare hours were spent sketching figures and working out strange, intricate designs.

In 1929, he threw his challenge to fate; he sought his big expression at Washington University's Art School in St. Louis. Odd jobs bought him his lodging and his courses at the school; there he rediscovered a medium of art expression which has flourished in Java and India for more than 1,200 years: batik, dyeing designs on cloth.

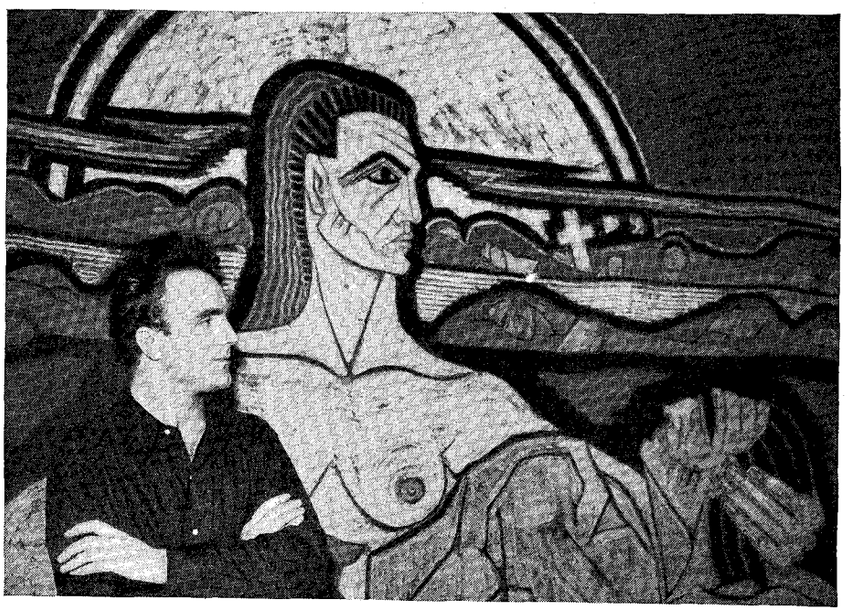
Cloth Sketch—Radulovich "paints" his pictures by sketching his design on cloth, then overlaying with wax those parts which he does not want to receive color. Ten dippings into steaming pots may be necessary to fix one shade exactly as he wishes upon the cloth. Delicate as this process is—and far more complicated than the European method of printing colors onto commercial batik—Savo believes its results are definitely worth the trouble.

Since completing his art studies in 1931, the batik-maker has had three widely praised shows in St. Louis. For September, he has three more exhibitions scheduled.

Measuring eight by ten feet, Radulovich's memorials to his ancestors' battles against tyranny are colored with striking reds or yellows and somber bronzes and greens.

His "Maiden of Kossovo," a purple and blue depiction of a stern-faced Amazonic women holding the corpse of her lover, is commended by Savo's fellow Serb and former teacher, Tanasko Milovich, for its faithfulness to a legend sung for centuries by mountain *guslars*.

"I did not dare picture America before I got to know it," Radulovich says. "But I am almost ready. I shall start with your American Indians."



Savo Radulovich and "The Maiden of Kossovo": a St. Louis artist commemorates in batik the heroic battle-legends of his Montenegrin ancestors

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Current Poetry

CONVICT'S WIFE

BY LUCIA TRENT

Time is going and she is scarcely aware
Who stitches the hours together through many tears
With but the needle of unallayed despair
To form a crazy quilt of years.

She is too young to pattern life awry,
To yield to circumstance with bended knee,
Too young to let the days go gently by
With patient faith in good that yet shall be.

And still she stitches on with a hollow laugh
And lets her needle trace her epitaph.

—*Literary America.*

I HAVE COME BACK

BY CHARLES BALLARD

I have come back at last to my homeland mountains:
I left their peaks and forests long ago,
Forsaking their cold, sweet springs for garden fountains,
Their groves for orchards in the valley below.

These wild-grown paths and mossy ways are kinder
Than smooth wide valley roads to a hillman's tread.
Walking in sun-steeped plains, my eyes were blinder
Than in these aisles with twilight overhead.

Better the cry of the wind in the pines and birches
Than roar of traffic under city lights,
Where always the ear of the mountain-nurtured searches
For one lost echo of his forest nights.

I have come back to the upland glory, praying
Never again to hear the valley call,
Save as a far-borne farewell message, saying,
"Rest, for to you the heights are best of all!"

—*The Vermonter.*

LUCIA TRENT has an enviable record of achievement in the poetry world. The Pittsburgh Press once termed her and her husband Ralph Cheney "The Brownings of America." She lives in California and is coeditor of Horizons, a verse magazine

RETIRED

BY HOMER C. HOUSE

The quick-receding illness left him curiously alive.
"No wonder, though," he chuckled, "I am only sixty-five!"
He paused a jaunty moment with his hands upon his hips,
Then strode into his office with a song between his lips.
A brisk young man was at *his* desk, importantly at work,
Dictating to a youthful, blond, and stenographic clerk.
He took one understanding glance and crept away to die:
For men succumb to heart-break when their world has passed them by.

Men set their steps to duty as they march to drum and fife;
The singing rhyme of labor is the very pulse of life.
The music stops: The frightened blood no longer keeps the beat;
And crooked paths are stumbled on by unremembering feet.
Our tasks may glow like jewels or excoriate like gins,
But, once their motive is withdrawn, the deadly ebb begins:
We call it "hardened arteries," "pneumonia," and "flu,"
But men will die of heart-break when they've nothing left to do.

The useful art of patricide, to an impartial mind,
As practised in these later days, seems gentler, more refined
Than when they led their aged out, defenseless (there's the rub)
To line them up against a wall and kill them with a club.
The method of the modern world is more humane and neat—
We do not push them off the cliff or fatten them to eat—
But weary sands are running out, the twilight closing gray,
The doom of death upon them, when we take their jobs away.

—*The Conning Tower, New Yorld Herald Tribune.*

WILL O' THE WISP

BY FRANCES ELLIOTT

I made of you a dream thing,
And worshiped night and day
An unreality of love—
And so I lost my way
That might have led to happiness,
If I had followed through
The homely paths of every day
Where you were really you.

—*Westward.*

PAIN

BY HARRY R. TRUSLER

Pain enters into words and makes
Them strangely sweet and fair;
A hidden inner beauty breaks
Out of despair.

So when my words turn bright and bloom
Like dogwood after rain,
Know that my heart fulfils its doom
Of pain, of pain.

—*Verse Craft.*

NEW BOOKS: Jules Romains and His Literary Cyclorama; Lives of Great Naturalists

Green Laurels. By Donald Culross Peattie. (New York: Simon and Schuster; $3.75.)

Mr. Peattie found, to his astonishment, that one desirous of knowing something of the lives of the great naturalists was out of luck. He wrote his book that he might have something to read about those who have restored some order out of chaos.

To be sure, natural laws were always in operation. Darwin didn't invent natural selection, any more than Columbus invented the New World. The lot of the early naturalist was one of discovery, frequently leading to ridicule. For, altho many are now agreed that the world is round, the race is generously sprinkled with flat minds.

Natural history for centuries languished in the hands of the skilful who brewed their herbs to the tune of abracadabras, with the addition of generous doses of superstition. In the eighteenth century, however, there appeared Louis LeClerc Buffon, keeper of the Jardin du Roi, who prepared a monumental "Natural History," published serially as a whole library in itself.

Famous Scientists—To-day, Buffon is respected chiefly as a popularizer of natural science. The great man of the science, of course, was Linnæus, the Swede. His passion for arranging in neat pigeon-holes the three kingdoms of nature won for him wide recognition, and his influence on subsequent exploration in his field was tremendous. Lamarck took on the job of classifying the invertebrates. Cuvier, whose theories made possible the reconstruction of the extinct beast from a jawbone, Darwin and the Americans, of whom Audubon is the best known, are among the day-dreamers who have impressed Mr. Peattie.

"Green Laurels" is an eloquent testimonial to the pioneers of one of the more neglected sciences, which, perhaps because it observes its rules under man's very nose, is best known to college students as a snap course. Mr. Peattie, however, at no loss to the dignity of natural history, has put

Donald Culross Peattie . . . put halos around the memories of the trail-blazers

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halos around the memories of the trail-blazers.

As one might expect from such a source, he has also given us a fascinating book, entertaining, but not to be confused with summer rocking-chair reading.

Critical Opinions—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL: *"Donald Culross Peattie has fashioned into a single volume of merit and force the story of great men who found Nature . . . and gave it back to humanity, in a manner simple to understand and glorious to hear."*

HOUSTON PRESS: *"You who took botany just for the college credit will wonder why you missed the great drama . . . Perhaps it is because our school-books were not built with the understanding and love of the subject that motivates Donald Culross Peattie."*

CLEVELAND PRESS: *"If he had never written before, this new book would place him solidly in the company with Henry David Thoreau and W. H. Hudson. To read 'Green Laurels' is to have an almost palpable tingling personal adventure in beauty."*

* * *

The Earth Trembles. By Jules Romains. 583 pp. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf; $3.)

M. Romains has been writing "Men of Good Will" for twelve years now, and in "The Earth Trembles," he has attained Volume Five and Book Ten of his prodigious work. As "The Earth Trembles" covers only the years 1910 and 1911, the end of M. Romains' task is to be reached, apparently, only with his death.

The illustrious French author has worked out a brilliant method of second guessing, which, after twenty-five years, saves him from making wild stabs in fiction at both the causes and the effects of the strange ways of the world.

He writes of the *fait accompli*. He has marshaled his army of characters against a background of recent history at a time when he is able, with some certainty, to fit them into their true places.

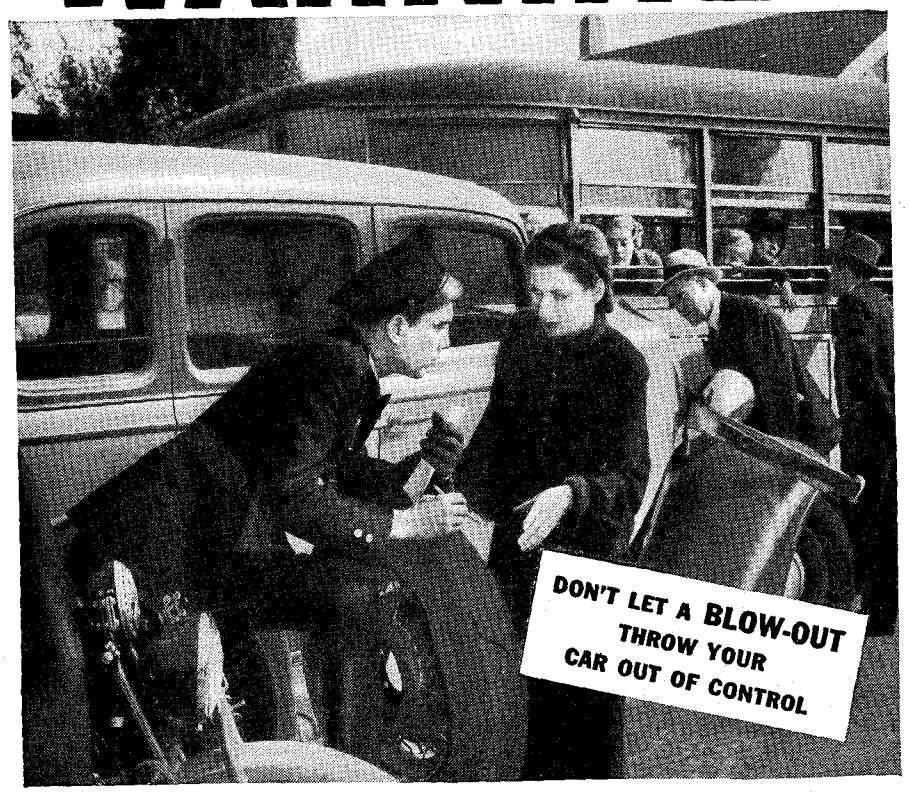
"The Earth Trembles" once again emphasizes the author's ambitious attempt to leave to posterity a literary cyclorama faithfully portraying a civilization in ferment.

If one could imagine Edward Gibbon sitting down to write his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" twenty-five years after, one might have a fair picture of Jules Romains laboring prodigiously that the great-grandchildren might know better how the great-grandfathers lived.

Exciting—The book, however, is ponderous only in size. M. Romains is possessed of a style that is easy on the attention. Thus, in the latter part, entitled "The Powers That Be," few will shrink from the long discourses of one *Courson*, who reveals that *Premier Caillaux* has entered into secret negotiations with Berlin. There is an excitement to this intrigue which makes tame stuff of the best output of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

So, too, in the first part, entitled "Flood Warning," when the railroad workers call their strike and the authorities hit upon the bold device of calling a mobilization to break the walkout; Europe sits aghast and fascinated; French Cabinet ministers bite their finger-nails and wait affrighted to learn what they have wrought. Failure would expose to France's enemies that her people were undisciplined. The strike-breaking method succeeded; but it was not to be

WARNING!



SILVERTOWNS ARE THE ONLY TIRES WITH THE LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

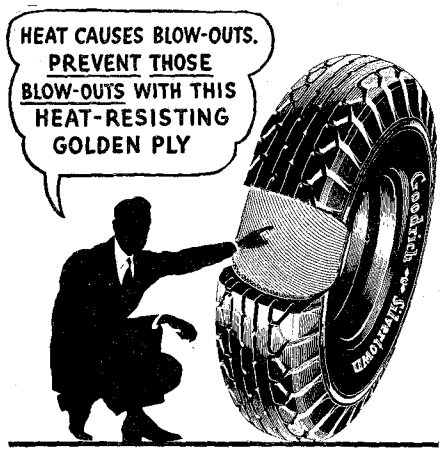
Woman Driver: "All I remember, Officer is hearing a BANG! Then the car ran crazy. I guess I'm lucky it wasn't more serious."

Officer: "I'll say you are. Do you know that thousands are killed or injured by blow-out accidents every year?"

* * *

There's no question about it—riding on *unsafe* tires is a gamble no motorist can afford to take. Your brakes and your steering gear may be in perfect shape—but could they hold you on the road if a whirling tire suddenly blew out? The law of averages is all against you, unless you're properly protected.

When you spin along at 40—50—60 miles an hour the tire gets blistering hot *inside*. Rubber and fabric separate. Unknown to you a blister forms and grows bigger and BIGGER until—sooner or later—BANG! A blow-out that might have been prevented if your car had been equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires.



Are your tires safe?

Silvertowns have something no other tire in the world has—the Life-Saver Golden Ply. This amazing Goodrich invention is a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—keeps dangerous heat blisters from forming inside the tire. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Have your Goodrich dealer equip your car with a set of Silvertowns with the Life-Saver Golden Ply. Isn't it better to be *safe* than sorry? Especially when Goodrich Silvertowns *cost not a penny more than other standard tires!*

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Prove that you want accidents prevented. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you —*free*—a handsome emblem with a red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

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repeated. The stakes were too small and the risk was too great.

M. Romains, of course, is not writing a history, but a huge novel. And those in quest of a story will rejoice in the series of novelettes between these covers. There is the tale of *Mionnet's* quick moves to offset the canon's sly plotting against him. There is the distress of *Mathilde* as she sizes up *Clanricard* and *Jerphanion*, and the troubled letter of the former, laying the betrayal at the feet of *Laulerque* (ten years later, the young people were surer of themselves—or thought they were).

And there is the curious alliance of *Zulpicher* and *Champcenais*, the amusing courtship of *Champcenais*, which won him a slap on the face and a bite on the cheek. There is plenty of story-telling as *M. Gurau* moves up the political ladder and *M. Delcassé* slides down. M. Romains has addressed himself to a stupendous enterprise. But it is marching along with the inexorability of affairs of state.

Critical Opinions—BALTIMORE SUN: *"The feeling of flatness which the reader gets from this fifth volume is due to the fact that no climax is reached in any of the plots. But this temporary lapse is atoned for by some of the most beautiful chapters in the whole work."*

NEW YORK SUN: *"The more one reads of the Romains novel, the more puzzling becomes Robert Cantwell's charge that the book is a primer of Fascism; the more incomprehensible are the violent antagonisms of the Left-Wing critics. M. Romains himself suggested at the beginning that it would be a good plan to wait and see what he was doing, to accept his assurance that he really knew what he wanted to do, and was furthermore able to do it . . . Romains is a thinker who is preoccupied with a vast theme which will take him some time yet to complete. But it is not, I am sure, beyond his reach."*

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: *"In spite of the grandiose plan of the work, the serious effort to recreate a period of history, and the great events that punctuate the leisurely course of Romains' volumes, it is the characters not in public life that retain the most interest . . . At present, one can only talk of 'Men of Good Will' like a visitor in a studio, watching the artist at work, and wondering whether he has the power to carry on."*

Best Sellers
Week Ending July 25

Fiction

Gone With the Wind. by Margaret Mitchell. (Macmillan, $3.)
Sanfelice, by Vincent Sheean. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)
Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, $2.75.)
The Doctor, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)
Eyeless in Gaza, by Aldous Huxley. (Harper and Brothers, $2.50.)

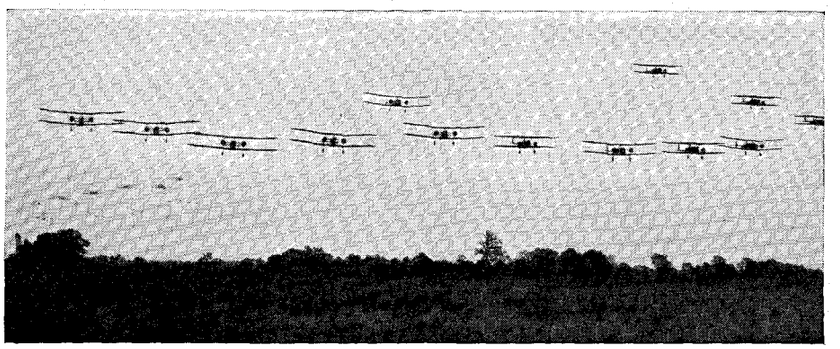
Non-Fiction

Wake Up and Live! by Dorothea Brande. (Simon & Schuster, $1.75.)
Around the World in Eleven Years, by Patience, Richard and John Abbe. (Stokes, $2.)
The Way of a Transgressor, by Negley Farson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)
Inside Europe, by John Gunther. (Harper, $3.50.)
Man, The Unknown, by Alexis Carrel. (Harper, $3.50.)

Guns

SKELETON FOR EXPANDING U. S. ARMY

Reds' Tanks and Planes Vs. Blue Doughboys in War-Games



U. S. Army Signal Corps Photos

"Hedge-hopping" Red attack-planes will harass Blue doughboys . . .

While Europe worked feverishly to treble its armaments, waiting in breathless terror for the call to march, America went to war this week.

In the electric stillness on Wednesday night, Red-land hurled 100 planes, a regiment of mechanized cavalry, a regiment of infantry in trucks, and two battalions of light artillery against more than 30,000 Blues concentrated at Fort Knox, Kentucky. The Second Army of 40,000 men had touched off the largest mass demonstration of American troops since the War.

Attacking Red-land comprised Tennessee, Virginia, Maryland and the two Carolinas, with a frontier south of the Kentucky-Tennessee line. Blue territory extended over Kentucky, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. Their forces included one infantry brigade of Regulars, two National Guard infantry divisions, a National Guard cavalry brigade, a balloon squadron, an antiaircraft-artillery regiment, an extra National Guard infantry regiment in reserve, detachments of engineers and signalmen. Their "spies" had informed them at the eleventh hour that the Brown State (Pennsylvania) would join the Reds.

The invaders' planes were to sweep over the beleaguered doughboys in the Kentucky hills, their machine-guns yammering with the rataplan of 1,000 blanks a minute, while bombers went aloft after the high-angle antiaircraft-guns whose bursts soar four miles into the shrapnel-raked clouds. Air-dromes, munition factories and vital railroad junctions were to feel the lash of the diving Red bombers.

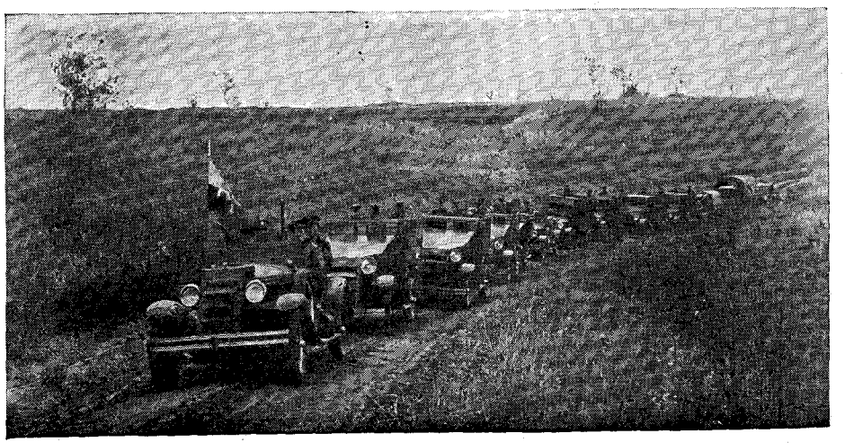
Drastic Trial—Object of these grand-scale maneuvers is a rigid testing of the new mechanized forces. In past wars, foot and mounted troops have fought similar bodies. This week, foot and horse soldiers are operating against a highly mobile mechanized force which still is largely in the experimental stage.

With war in the air, *Uncle Sam* must know how strong his Army is in its weakest link.

And he must know, too, how much of an Army he can throw into the field if ever a real invader sets foot on American soil.

The War Department's theory of national preparedness is based on the maintenance of a small, compact, professional Army, capable of rapid movement and swift expansion.

The core of this force is the Regular Army, which, last year, increased its actual fighting man-power by more than 28,000 men, but which could expand by recruiting for each existing unit to nine full divisions of 280,000 men. A year ago the War Department began recruiting to reach the peace-time Congressional authorization of a total Regular Army of 165,000 men and 14,000 commissioned officers. Last



. . . while cavalry, in armored cars, darts in for brisk flanking raids

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reported strength was 146,782 enlisted men. Rookies are coming in at the rate of 1,500 a month. Maximum strength is expected to be achieved about this time next year.

With an eye to the more difficult task of training the officers needed for this force, Congress last year provided that each Senator and Representative may appoint three candidates each instead of the traditional two, thus increasing the West Point enrolment from 1,374 to 1,960.

R.O.T.C.—Another source of commissioned, as well as non-commissioned, officer strength is the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, whose strength has recently been raised from 127,565 to 150,000. Units are being established in twenty-five more colleges and universities this fall, bringing the total of such institutions to 279.

Students who complete the four-year military course in the R. O. T. C. receive their commissions in the Officers' Reserve Corps automatically; those who withdraw after the two years' compulsory training in land-grant colleges may become non-commissioned officers.

Not all Reserve Officers have gone the R. O. T. C. route; approximately one-third are War veterans. The O. R. C., as distinguished from the R. O. T. C., numbers 150,000—enough, the War Department estimates, to command a war-recruited Organized Reserve force of 540,000, or twenty-seven war-strength divisions.

Aside from the Regulars, ranking seventeenth (in a virtual tie with Portugal) among the world's armies, the National Guard is the chief bulwark against invasion. Raised and maintained by the States, this arm numbers 195,000 men, but could be filled to war-strength by recruiting to 430,000 (eighteen divisions).

Guardsmen drill forty-eight times a year, get a minimum of $20, and spend two weeks every summer in camps.

Other sources for the Army's expansion are the Citizens' Military Training Camps in which, for a month each summer, 30,000 young men learn enough of the school of the soldier to become non-commissioned officers and second lieutenants.

Everybody's Army—Back of them all stands the militia, which consists of every able-bodied man between eighteen and forty-five; but this army is unorganized and untrained, and can be called to arms only by Congress.

Thus, within a year, the nation will be able to turn overnight to 14,000 Regular, 13,500 Guard and 150,000 Reserve officers; upwards of 200,000 trained non-commissioned officers; 165,000 Regular and 195,000 Guard troops; and between 4,000,000 and 6,000,000 potential volunteers and draftees, most of them virtually untrained.

Plans for mobilization of this mighty force are ready for execution to-day. At the first tocsin of war, maps would be spread on tables, telegraph and radio instructions would begin humming, predirected trains and truck-caravans would speed preassigned troops to predesignated concentration points, where existing Army cantonments and concentrations of materials and equipment would insure prompt and efficient quartering.

M-Day Plan—Even more important are the elaborate and carefully-laid preparations for feeding, clothing and arming the troops, which would become effective immediately. There will be no hotch-potch of procurement as in 1917-'18. The Army, through its Industrial Mobilization Plan, has solved the problem of supplying a vast fighting-machine with minimum fuss.

Howard Chandler Christy, noted painter and illustrator, working on one of his world famous "Christy Girl" portraits

A Word Picture of 1/80,000 of an inch

By Howard Chandler Christy, *Noted Artist and Illustrator*

IN THE YEARS that I have worked with palette and brush, I have painted many pictures . . . pictures of objects ranging in size from the delicate petals of a fruit blossom to the lumbering bulk of an elephant. But now I find myself doing a word picture of something so *infinitesimal* that it is invisible to the human eye.

My curiosity had been aroused by the experiences of Lowell Thomas, Boake Carter, Walter Pitkin and others who had watched the amazing process which gives razor blades shaving edges so keen they measure only 1/80,000 of an inch.

Consequently, I decided to make a visit to the Gillette Safety Razor factory where this wonder is performed. The almost unbelievable things I saw there led me to lay aside my brushes and paints for once . . . and turn to words for expression.

There I saw the grinding machines that are responsible for the amazingly keen shaving edges I had heard about. Incredible as it may seem, these gigantic machines, weighing four tons, are actually adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch. Honing wheels of exclusive design give 50 times the sharpening effect of old style methods. And abrasives as fine as cake flour are used to give the Gillette Blade not only the sharpest, but the *smoothest-shaving* edges that modern science is able to produce.

But this was only one of the many processes through which Gillette Blades must pass before they get their final okeh. Earlier in the day my guide had led me into a huge, spotlessly clean room where I noticed a series of long box-like contrivances. Imagine my astonishment when I learned that these devices, so cool on the outside that you could rest your hand upon them, were the famous electric furnaces which harden Gillette Blade steel at an approximate temperature of 1500 degrees.

Each of these amazing furnaces is equipped with a remarkable little black box which can tell in an instant whether the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Automatically a signal is flashed to a complicated battery of switches and instantly the temperature is raised or lowered according to the demands of the metal.

With such amazing equipment and such high standards of workmanship, is it any wonder that the Gillette Blade gives one perfect shave after another? Yes, I know now that the only way to get a perfect shave is to use the perfect blade, and that, of course, is the Gillette Blade.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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BROWN PAGANISM WITH HITLER AS IDOL

Banner With Thunderbolts Supplants Cross for Nazi Youth

Over East Prussia's rolling green fields, through Baden's somber Black Forest, along the Rhine's castle-dotted banks tramped columns of brown-clad Hitler Youth last week. Before them fluttered the Black Banner with its two white lightning-bolts, symbol of reborn Germany.

Arrived at the Third Reich's *Thingplätze,** they swarmed into the semicircular tiers. Stern-faced leaders propounded to them the ancient ideals and mythology of their pagan forefathers.

A month before they, together with millions of their brothers and sisters, had flocked to hill-tops, lit huge bonfires, leaped through the dancing flames, reviving the age-old Aryan Solstice Festival that has become a national celebration in New Germany. Thus had burly Norsemen, thousands of years before, lit beacon-fires on mountain-tops when they celebrated the sun's reappearance after thirty-five days of polar darkness.

But of late, in their vine-covered manses, German clergymen have peered through latticed windows, watching these ceremonies with mounting concern. One day—Sunday—German Youth belongs to them. The other six days of the week it belongs to Hitler.

Clerical Diatribe—A fortnight ago, unable to restrain their indignation any longer, ten angered pastors of the opposition synod, led by the daring ex-submarine commander, Pastor Martin Niemöller, drew up a scathing 4,000-word diatribe against the rebirth of paganism and the "deification of Hitler." Silently backed by Germany's Catholic clergy, they fearlessly flung the document on Hitler's doorstep.

Chancellor Hitler's reaction was nervously awaited. They remembered last year's arrest of 700 Protestant clergymen who dared to read from the pulpit a proclamation criticizing the Nazi Party's "pagan church policy." They begged Hitler in their letter to let them be "free to pursue their way in future, under the sign of the cross of Christ."

Spear-head of Germany's pagan movement is the Hitler Youth. Sweeping the country with astounding rapidity, paganism is being pounded into the souls and minds of 6,000,000 eight- to eighteen-year-old German boys and girls, by their blond, fanatic leader, Baldur von Schirach, of American ancestry. They are plunged into wild frenzies when they hear him roar: "To be a nation is the religion of our epoch."

On February 2, 1933, two days after Adolf Hitler seated himself in the profusely carved oak chair of the German Chancellery, 5,000 shrieking Nazi Protestants marched into Berlin's spacious Sport-Palace. They frantically acclaimed their leader, Pastor Joachim Hossenfelder, when he ranted: "We want a church that recognizes the supreme authority of the National Socialist State, that rejects the spirit of Christian internationalism." As "Evangelical National Socialists," they became Nazism's first organized challenge to Christianity.

Anti-Christ—Six months later, 100,000 Protestants, assembled in Eisenach, founded the German Faith Movement, to-day still the mightiest neo-pagan organization officially devoted to de-Christianizing New Germany. "We are adherents of a German faith which derives its strength from the religious inheritance of the German people," read the manifesto to which they zealously swore allegiance.

Paganism began its triumphant march when Hitler, in 1934, with a scratch of his pen, prohibited all confessional youth organizations and gave von Schirach a free hand to assemble them under his black flag.

Before Germany was revamped into a Third Reich, the methodic scholar, Prof. Ernst Bergmann, had been unsuccessfully preaching a "new religion" to supersede "unhealthy, unnatural Christianity, which arose 2,000 years ago among sick, exhausted, despairing men who had lost their belief in life."

Said Bergmann: "The German-Nordic man has destroyed the religion of servitude. God, who let iron grow, wants no slaves."

When Germany, on January 29, 1933, became the brown-clad Reich, paganism had made but little progress. Most successful propagator was famed Gen. Erich Ludendorff and his wife, Mathilde. Their *Tannenberg Bund* numbered 80,000 members, had its own newspaper on which the months and days were printed in the ancient Nordic fashion. But General Ludendorff, together with some 20,000 sun, fire, and light worshipers, formed the nucleus out of which, three years later, the Third Reich's pagan phenix rose.

In the summer of 1933, German newsstands displayed a new book, "The Mythology of the Twentieth Century," by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg. It was immediately banned by the Vatican, shunned by orthodox Protestants. Its circulation soared, new editions followed. Rosenberg's "Mythos" was added to Hitler's "Mein Kampf," and Scottish-born Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," to become the sacred molder of the minds of Young Germany.

Nordic Superman—Christ, wrote Doctor Rosenberg, was a Nordic Superman, not unlike the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche's conception. Born in Galilee of Amorite Nordic parents, he was a stern, brave, aggressive revolutionist who was crucified by the Jews, "just like we are being to-day." Where this conception veered from His usual description as a preacher of humble submissiveness, His disciples were to blame. Jewish fanatics, like Matthew, materialistic rabbis like Paul, African jurists like Tertullian, mongrel half-breeds and cattle-drivers like Augustine made Christ's real personality "unrecognizable," said the brown-haired Russian ex-officer.

Always meticulously dressed, Doctor Rosenberg, a former Russian subject, originally set out to become an architect, submitted to Red professors the plan of a crematorium as his thesis. Later, he hoped Hitler would make him his Foreign Minister. Disappointed, he turned to religion, was appointed to teach his new philosophy to 3,500,000 Party members and as many more men and women in affiliated organizations.

To-day, millions of Germans, when twilight beckons, light candles placed at either

**Thingplätze*—meeting-places of the ancient pagan Teutons; now called *Freilichtbühnen*, following violent protests by the Catholic and Protestant clergy.

European Photos

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg (left) and the leader of the Hitler Youth, Baldur von Schirach (right) . . . help to keep aflame the bonfires of Germany's pagan movement

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side of a picture of Hitler, kneel in their homes before his effigy, and worship their "Saviour," who "liberated the nation from the fetters of Versailles."

To many others in his closest entourage, Hitler is a black-mustached Kaiser Barbarossa, of whom Teutonic mythology relates that one day, when his red beard has grown through the table, he will leave the Untersberg, come forth to found a new German Reich. Hitler's mountain retreat stands barely a stone's throw from the legendary Untersberg.

General Ludendorff turned against Hitler after the abortive Munich Beer-Hall Putsch. Last fall a Berlin street was changed into Ludendorff-Strasse. Simultaneously, the famed World War Quartermaster-General put the finishing touches on his latest book, "Der Totale Krieg."

"Germany," he announces in it, "will never become invincible until it has a single State religion like Japanese Shintoism."

The world's "sinister forces," the Jews, Catholics and Free-masons, who are responsible for Germany's World War defeat, must be obliterated by a religion of the North, "whence came the world's civilization," and from where its rejuvenation now must come.

Two thousand years ago red-bearded, burly Teutonic ancestors of Nazi philosophy assembled beneath mighty oaks surrounding their *Thingplätze*.

Wearing huge horns on their heads, and with shaggy bearskins thrown over their backs, they squatted around their chieftain and heard him sternly preach the doctrine of "blood and honor," purity of race, heroism in battle, fearlessness of death. Six million Hitler Youth to-day have become Saxon *Widukind's* apostles of Nordic pagan folk-culture that the "mongrel traitor" Charlemagne ruthlessly stamped out when he proclaimed the First German Reich under the sign of the Christian Cross.

SUICIDE'S ANGEL: Helps in Cutting Self-Inflicted Death to Lowest Point in Decade

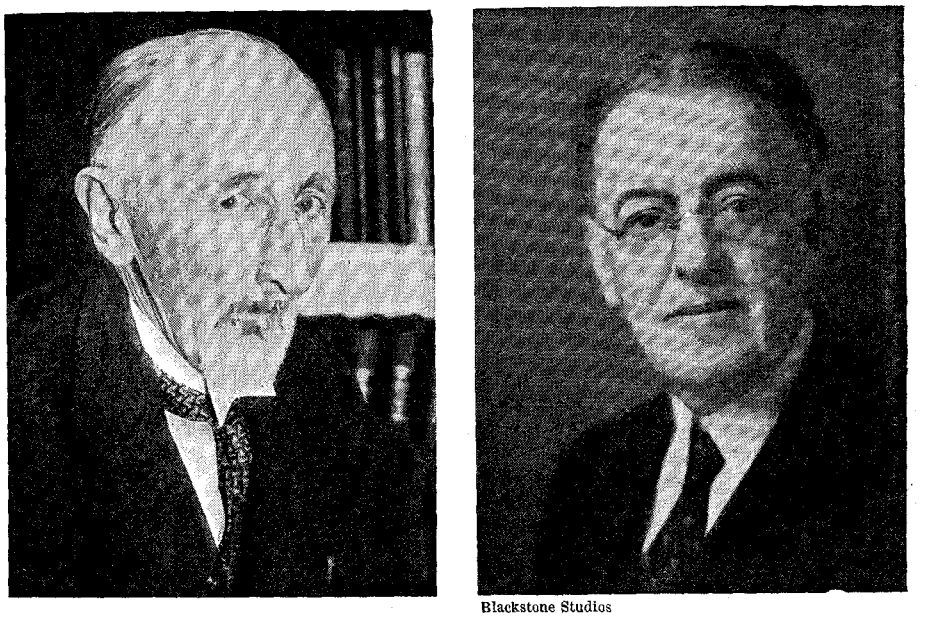
Every time the clock ticks off half an hour, some one in the United States commits suicide. Annually, for thirty years, 20,000 persons have taken their lives; 40,000 more have tried and failed. But, last week, *The Spectator*, insurance agents' magazine, authority for yearly compilations, estimated that suicides had ebbed to 17,000 in 1935, lowest number in ten years.

Always increasing in depressions, victims totaled 79,836 from 1931 to 1934. From a peak of 20,927 lives taken in 1932, the number slid down to 18,828 in 1934.

Next to the current economic upturn, the chief factor for this decrease was a kindly-eyed, iron-gray Protecting Angel, who sits in a New York office, quietly making war on the imp of perversion which tempts human beings to destroy themselves.

His name is the Rev. Dr. Harry M. Warren, President of the National Save-a-Life League. Ministering to 400 would-be suicides a month, Doctor Warren has saved 30,000 persons since he founded his organization thirty years ago.

A Hudson, New Hampshire, Baptist minister, transplanted to a New York pastorate, Doctor Warren launched his campaign following a visit to a young widow who had shot herself in a Broadway hotel.



Blackstone Studios

Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman (left), statistician of suicides: his figures have decreased, because the work of the Rev. Dr. Harry M. Warren has increased

Before she died she repented, urged him to print booklets against suicide.

The 1906-'07 depression was on; suicides were frequent. Turning to the New Testament, Doctor Warren read in Acts 16:27 how Paul and Silas had prevented the Philippian jailor from committing suicide; he scanned a magazine article by a Yale professor stating that 1,000,000 persons had snuffed out their lives throughout the world in five years.

Convinced that most suicides could be prevented by timely counsel, Doctor Warren immediately founded his league, arranged with churches, hospitals, courts and police to interview unsuccessful victims, began sending out literature.

Nation-Wide League—To-day, with a league membership of 6,000 all over the nation, and with a staff of twelve aids, Doctor Warren, now in his late sixties, pursues his relentless battle.

Each morning, upon his desk, surrounded by religious pictures and mottoes, are piled sheaves of newspaper clippings. Those pertaining to suicide he files away with pink slips; those concerning attempted deaths he scrutinizes for action.

Out-of-town victims get letters in the next mail counseling them against the sin and futility of their act. Others, hearing of the League's work, write in for advice.

A Maine man wrote that without effect he had taken three different poisons. He said he wished to die because he had smothered his mother with a blanket. Doctor Warren advised him to repent. The man did, and because the case was confessional in nature, no legal action was taken.

In Metropolitan New York, the despondent person is seen personally, or asked to visit the office. A woman caller explained that she had felt, while riding on a train, that the Holy Spirit had left her. She dispossessed her tenants in winter; then murdered her husband. Doctor Warren reminded her that suicide was a far worse sin than homicide. He told her that if she repented he would not tell. She repented.

Some cases require medical or psychiatric treatment; others legal or financial aid. Last year, staff workers called on 1,387 Greater New York homes where suicide had been committed, 1,991 homes where it had been attempted. In more than 200 homes, the bread-winner was taken, leaving widows and fatherless children.

Actuarial Clipper—Announcing that he would redouble efforts, Doctor Warren last week spread out a copy of *The Spectator* on his desk to study the nation-wide suicide figures. Responsible for the statistics was Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, alert actuary attached to the University of Pennsylvania. For twenty-five years, Doctor Hoffman has clipped newspaper items dealing with suicides, and bolstered them with vital statistics from leading cities. He then publishes the completed reports.

His latest survey shows that in 100 chief cities the suicide rate of 17.3 of 1934 had dropped to 15.7 in 1935. Why Kalamazoo, Michigan, had the lowest rate, 1.7, and Lowell, Massachusetts, second, 2.1, Doctor Hoffman said he had not been able to ascertain. Nor could he tell why Macon, Georgia, ranked highest, with 40.6, and Concord, New Hampshire, next, with 33.5.

Explanation of why the broad open spaces of the West Coast, and the rangy Mountain States, had a rate nearly double that of New England, however, was simple to him. Pacific States, particularly California, had attracted persons unable to make ends meet; near the Rockies, the drought had taken great toll; in New England people stayed closer to home, enjoyed a greater degree of economic recovery.

Suicides, depressed by winter discouragements, tend to pick summer and late spring for their acts. June is the most depressing month; December the least, because of the holidays. The first of the month, bringing financial troubles, is chosen most often.

The despondents also grow most discouraged on Mondays, since long week-ends give them time to brood over troubles. When they return home after a long day of job-seeking, they are feeling lowest, hence the "suicide hour" is between six and seven.

Men make up three-quarters of the deaths. Main cause: business failure. But girls, more often than boys up to the age of nineteen, take their lives. Main cause: unrequited love. Up to thirty-nine, only one-half to one-third as many women commit suicide as do men; beyond forty, only one-sixth.

Married people show a lower suicide rate than single persons; and single lower than widowed or divorced persons. Suicides among the young are particularly prevalent in the great urban centers. Professional and commercial classes rate much higher than laborers; among soldiers and criminals, the

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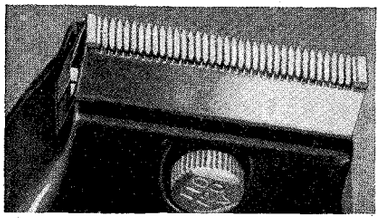

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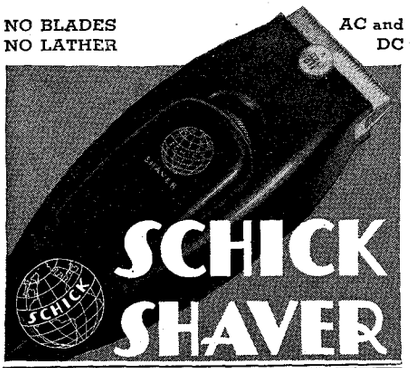

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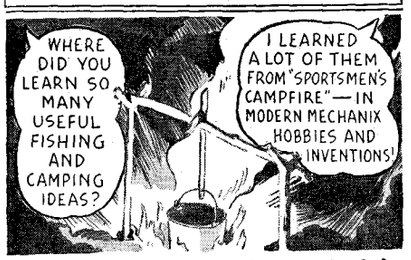
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figures are particularly high. Jewish suicides are rare; Catholics few.

With a rate of 14.9 per 100,000 for the entire country in 1934, the United States was far behind many nations. Hungary, home of "Gloomy Sunday," suicide song which sent countless youths to death in the swirling Danube, had a rate of 32.4. Switzerland's was 26.5; England's 13.7; Ireland's 3.5. The Canadian rate for fourteen cities fell from 9.9 in 1934 to 9.6 in 1935.

In the United States suicide is unlawful; France has no statute against it. Estonian jailors slip a cup of poison in the cell of a condemned man before execution.

Some History—In ancient Greece, Aristotle condemned self-destruction as unmanly. The Romans recognized only legitimate reasons for suicide. Beginning in the fifth century, the Catholic Church deprived the corpse of ordinary rites of burial.

Medieval France dragged victims face downward to the grave; England buried them at the crossroads with a stake through the heart. But to-day most nations regard self-destruction with compassion and forgiveness.

Looking back over the twenty-eight years in which some 30,000 potential suicides have come to his organization for counsel (with less than a score subsequently yielding to their longing for death), Doctor Warren said:

"If I could only talk to all the men or women who are suicide-bent; if I could get them to unburden their minds to me; if I could make them see that the pattern of their lives extended far beyond the low point on which they were concentrating . . . I should be able to save them."

BEATIFIED NEGRO: Friar Martin of Peru May Become Second Colored Saint

The only Negro saint in the Roman Catholic Church is Benedict the Moor (1526-'89).

Born in Messina, Italy, the son of Ethiopian slaves, he rose from humble lay brother of the Franciscan Friars to Superior of Sicily's Monastery of Santa Maria de Jesus at Palermo. In 1807 the Church canonized him.

The only other man of Benedict's race to attain the rank next to sainthood is Blessed Martin de Porres (1579-1639).

A Negro Dominican brother of Lima, Peru, Blessed Martin was beatified in 1836. A century later Peru started a movement to canonize him which, in ten years, has spread all over the world. Some 200,000 prelates, priests, nuns, sisters, as well as lay folk, are energetically behind it.

Last week, Dominicans throughout North and South America marked the one hundredth anniversary of Blessed Martin's beatification with fervent prayers for the two miracles necessary to permit his canonization. Making him the first Negro saint of the Americas, his elevation is confidently expected next year.

The natural son of Don Juan de Porres, a Spanish Conquistador, and Anna Velasquez, a Negress of Panama, Martin de Porres was deserted by his father, mistreated by his mother. As he grew up, giving away even the contents of his market-basket, his name spread as a prodigy. At ten his father returned and placed

Illustration by Ade Bethune

him in school, two years later apprenticed him to a barber-surgeon.

Ascetic Monk—Deeply religious, Martin a decade later joined the Dominican Friars, astounding them by his severity. He almost refused to eat, slept scarcely at all on his hair shirt, lashed himself with chains, and devoted himself to the criminal, the outcast, the sick, who credited him with supernatural powers. Miracle after miracle was claimed for him.

Martin became the protector and provider of abandoned children, built for them an orphanage which perhaps was the first in the Western World; converted the Holy Rosary Priory into a clinic and field-hospital; fed 165 persons daily, and dispensed $2,000 weekly in alms obtained from soldiers of fortune hopeful of escaping eternal death for their sins.

Dying in 1639, Martin de Porres already was a temporal saint to Peru and neighboring lands. Twenty-two years later, Philip IV asked Rome to beatify him. In 1763 Pope Clement XIII proclaimed the Negro friar's virtues; seventy-three years later Gregory XVI approved his simple beatification. It took another century for his canonization to reach the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome.

Last year, to further this cause in the United States, the Blessed Martin Guild was formed in New York. It distributes literature on the blessed friar and makes speeches in an effort to promote his cause.

Two Favors—One of its chief tasks is to help the deliverance to the Vatican of miracles, or "favors," attributed to him. Upon the complete authentication of two such favors depends his canonization.

Elevation of the Negro friar got solid impetus a little more than a fortnight ago. Upon petition, the Catholic Diocese of Natchez, Mississippi, was permitted to venerate him publicly. Until then this ceremony could take place only in Dominican churches and chapels.

Of the 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States only 250,000 are Roman Catholic. This ceremony, as well as the canonization, is expected by Church leaders to bring more of them into the fold.

To Catholics everywhere the final triumph of the humble lay brother will be proof of the supremacy of sanctity over race and color. To them he is a symbol of charity and humility, pictured as he often is (see cut) with a broom, constant and tireless in serving man and God.

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Courts

LEGAL CHECK-REIN ON BUREAUCRACY

Lawyers Ask Administrative Bench to Coordinate 73 Agencies

For more than three years, sober Americans have fumed at confusion, inconsistency and waste inherent in scores of emergency-born government agencies. New arms of Federal authority have shaped new laws, relying on their officials, on the President and his aids, and on the existing courts to interpret and enforce these laws. Result: conflict of opinion at the top, hopeless bewilderment at the bottom.

The uninformed business man who sent out his house-organ under second-class mailing-privileges, having violated the laws of the Post Office Department, was prosecuted, judged and punished by the Post Office Department. One man heard the evidence, another decided the case. Unless he persuaded some court to issue an extraordinary writ of injunction or mandamus, defendant's fate was sealed. Was it justice?

No, shouted the American Bar Association, whose Special Committee on Administrative Law last week recommended the establishment of a Federal administrative court to permit segregation of and uniform decision upon 276 classes of semi-judicial cases now ruled upon by seventy-three Federal agencies under delegation of power by Congress. Prime purpose of the seventy-five-page report, which represented three years' study by five of the nation's leading lawyers: to eliminate the worst evils of bureaucracy.

Prosecution—Specific evils denounced by the Bar Association under the present system of control of many judicial functions by Federal bureaus and agencies, as well as by numerous "legislative courts" such as the Customs and Patent Appeals, include:

1. Centralization in Washington.
2. Overlapping jurisdiction.
3. The "notorious" lack of uniformity in practise and procedure.
4. Duplication of expense.
5. Lack of uniform principles of law on such questions as rate-making or issuance of licenses.
6. The maze of methods of review.
7. Making laws, enforcing them, trying cases, and punishing offenders, all by the same agency.

The five lawyers who prepared the report to the Association see in the growing handling of details by administrative agencies a necessary evil, but they emphasize that as far as the judicial handling of cases departs from ordinary procedure, it is a menace to Constitutional Government.

Where the seventy-three administrative agencies now handle 267 classes of cases, their judicial work would be handled by the new administrative court, and the right of appeal and review, even to the Supreme Court, would be established. Thus bureaucracy would be regulated and kept within constitutional bounds.

The setting up of the court and its operation are only suggested "in principle," but Congress has waiting for it a specific law to create an administrative court. Features outlined for the court are:

1. The gradual segregation of judicial functions exercised by Federal administrative agencies, and establishment of an independent forum for issues both of law and of fact, either originally or on review.
2. Its members should be lawyers, appointed by the President, confirmed by the Senate, hold office during good behavior.
3. It should start with a small jurisdiction, but be capable of growing.
4. It should include a trial and an appellate division, and should be divided into sections for the hearings of particular classes of cases, so as to get expert and experienced judges for specific cases.
5. It should be ambulatory, so that its cases would be heard in the area of origin, thus avoiding concentration of power in Washington.
6. It should have broad power to govern its internal organization and its practise and procedure by rules and regulations.
7. It should have no executive, legislative, inquisitorial or prosecuting power.
8. Its decisions should be subject to review by the Supreme Court or District Courts of Appeal.

The committee points out that a certain amount of delegation of legislative power to the Executive Department has taken place since early in the first Administration of President Washington, but that the process did not assume substantial

"The loser's stuck to take her home"

THE very boys who used to seek her out, now match to see who will be "stuck" to take her home. That's what halitosis (bad breath) can do to a girl, without her ever suspecting the reason for the sudden change in her fortunes. Too bad that this offensive condition doesn't announce itself to the victim instead of to the victim's friends.

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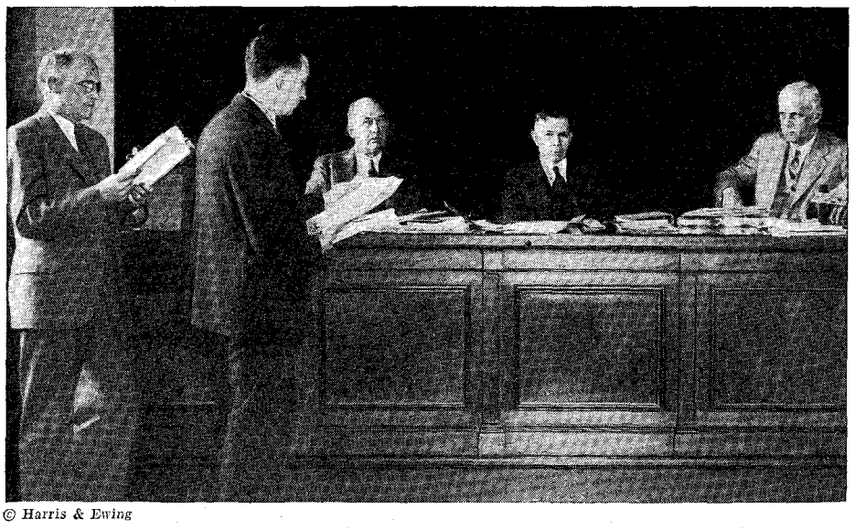

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The Patent Appeals Court, which may be merged into a new United States Administrative Court

proportions until almost a century later, with the result that now "there are about 1,300 separate instances of transfer of power to the Executive Branch and to independent boards and commissions."

"Tyranny" Lashed—The battle of the New Deal *vs.* the Supreme Court has helped to formulate the Bar Association's stand. The decisions outlawing NRA and AAA carried implied rebukes to bureaucratic trends. Speaking of the power to revoke a license, the lawyers declared: "There is no more drastic kind of punishment, and there is no system of regulation more susceptible to abuse and tyranny."

The whole theory of this right of review and appeal, and of division of powers—legislative, executive and judicial—goes back into English history under the Tudors and Stuarts. The Star Chamber combined all three functions, and, eventually, a civil war was necessary for Parliament to win its independence, and for the courts to secure tenure of office during good behavior. Montesquieu put his observations of English history in "The Spirit of the Law," altho he was only echoing Aristotle's "Politica."

To-day's England is concerned with administrative law and its dangers. The Sankey Committee on Ministers' Powers warned Parliament in 1932 against doing away with the sovereignty of Parliament and substituting rule of law by Ministers of the Crown, using delegated powers and making judicial or quasijudicial decisions.

For the American Bar Association, marking a sharp line between judicial matters and administrative powers was no easy job. The Committeemen recognized that the growth of governmental functions meant that no Congress could handle all the detail work of making rules and regulations for the operation of various departments, nor could courts handle all the cases that might arise. But, to assure constitutional rights, they urged the administrative court for important cases, and for review and appeal from decisions of bureaus and agencies.

Much legal training went into this report, and several big names in law backed it up. Heading the committee was 215-pound Ollie Roscoe McGuire, a Kentucky Colonel, who fills the seat of counsel to the Comptroller General (and may succeed J. Raymond McCarl in that post). He likes to write, and has lashed out with two books, partly written by the late James M. Beck: "The Vanishing Rights of the States" and "Our Wonderland of Bureaucracy." One of his legal articles has been awarded the blue ribbon of mention in a Supreme Court Opinion.

$1.60 Battle—As a government counsel, Colonel McGuire fought over $1.60 in the Northern Pacific Railroad case, handled the Doheny case, and the famed United States *vs.* Hill case, which settled an income-tax technical point and saved the Government some $9,000,000. His colleagues say he's worth more in private practise than he earns with the Government.

Before McGuire, Louis Goldsborough Caldwell headed the Administrative Law Committee; is still working on it, when he is not ironing out radio law with fifty assistants in his Washington office. His trim figure carries a snow-white mop of hair atop pinkish skin, and he likes to smoke cigarettes in his office, which houses one of the finest private law libraries in the Capital.

A sort of dissenting opinion was slapped onto the committee report by Monte Appel forty-nine-year-old "business lawyer" (he never says "corporation lawyer") of St. Paul, Minnesota. He agreed with everything, but argued that the new administrative court should take no power from existing constitutional courts.

Government law work also has been his background. He served as Assistant Counsel for the Shipping Board in 1917-'18, and went on a European junket for Secretary of War Newton D. Baker to settle debts between Allied and American War Departments. He brags that he collected $140,000,000 in six months. Later, air-plane companies sent him back to collect for patent rights. He got a few million more, returned to private practise.

Appel is a Republican. When Minnesota politics or "business law" don't call him, he is fishing for salmon on the Miramichi River, New Brunswick, where Arthur Train's famous *Lawyer Tutt* fishes in fiction.

In Chicago trust, corporation and contract law practise is the fourth member of the committee, Richard Bentley. The fifth is Julius Clarence Smith, of Greensboro, North Carolina, insurance lawyer and Democrat.

Con Arguments—While lawyers have been debating this new court proposal, some have opposed it, suggesting, in its stead, a number of what the Sankey Committee in England called Ministerial Tribunals, such as the Board of Tax Appeals. Arguments against the court are:

1. Apprehension that a Federal administrative court will wholly or partly nullify the advantages of regulation of expert or experienced administrators in a specialized field.
2. The Board of Tax Appeals, and the Customs Court, specific legislative courts and administrative agencies, are well administered and should not be disturbed.

Sponsors of the administrative court point to the detailed plan for the court as an answer to the first objection, and believe that little disturbance would result from bringing the various courts under one larger heading.

Altho politics is little apparent in the committee's report, the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, bemoaning the growth of bureaucracy and apparent "surrender to the New Deal forces of centralization and usurpation," still says:

"It is worthy of a better fate than to be made a football of campaign politics which its appearance at this time may threaten."

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Wide World

Louis Caldwell (left) and Monte Appel, two of five lawyers who made the American Bar Association's fourth move to combat bureaucracy

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Off-Side

"Vanity, Vanity"—To find out whether Memphis, Tennessee, men are vainer than women, or *vice versa*, a certain public mirror was watched. Within an hour, eighteen men and seventeen women stopped to primp. Most of the men were classed as "hat-puller-downers" and "tie-tinkerers," tho a couple of "teeth-examiners" were noted. The ladies were not classified.

* * *

Off With His Head—When engineers tunneled Ho Hiang mountain in North China, they drove headings from both ends, and expected to meet in the middle. Instead, they missed by fifty feet. Officers still are looking for the man in charge. Decapitation is the local punishment for such errors.

* * *

His Own Money—An Atlantic City bather found a $5 bill floating beside him. Presently another appeared—then another—then a two-spot and two ones. Later, as he was telling a policeman all about it, he noticed that the zipper of his own money-pocket was wide open.

* * *

Black Gold—Miss Jacquelyn Richardson, stenographer, of Houston, Texas, bet $5 on a horse-race, won $30, and spent $25 of it for an oil-lease. Then she contracted for the drilling. Now she has a well producing 432 barrels of oil a day.

* * *

Unique Book—Edward J. Vogel, sixty-one, of Boston, recently compiled a 110-page book of pictures and designs made entirely from postage-stamps. He used 536,830 stamps and worked on the book for thirty-five years.

* * *

Saved—After the heat had killed all but three of his chickens, C. J. Robinson, of Blackwell, Oklahoma, took the survivors to the basement, blew air under their wings with a bicycle-pump, and waited. They lived.

* * *

Self-Help—Two football-playing brothers of Texas Tech. are earning their way through college catching bobcats. They lasso them from horseback and sell them to the college laboratory for experimental purposes.

* * *

Psychological Rain—The St. Louis Racquet Club has an artificial rain-cooling system. Sprinklers installed above the window awnings provide synthetic rain that drips, spatters and cools—psychologically at least.

* * *

Children's Pride—Joannis Geourgious Kalochristianakis, of Spokane, Washington, says his children are proud of his name because it is the longest in the city's telephone-directory.

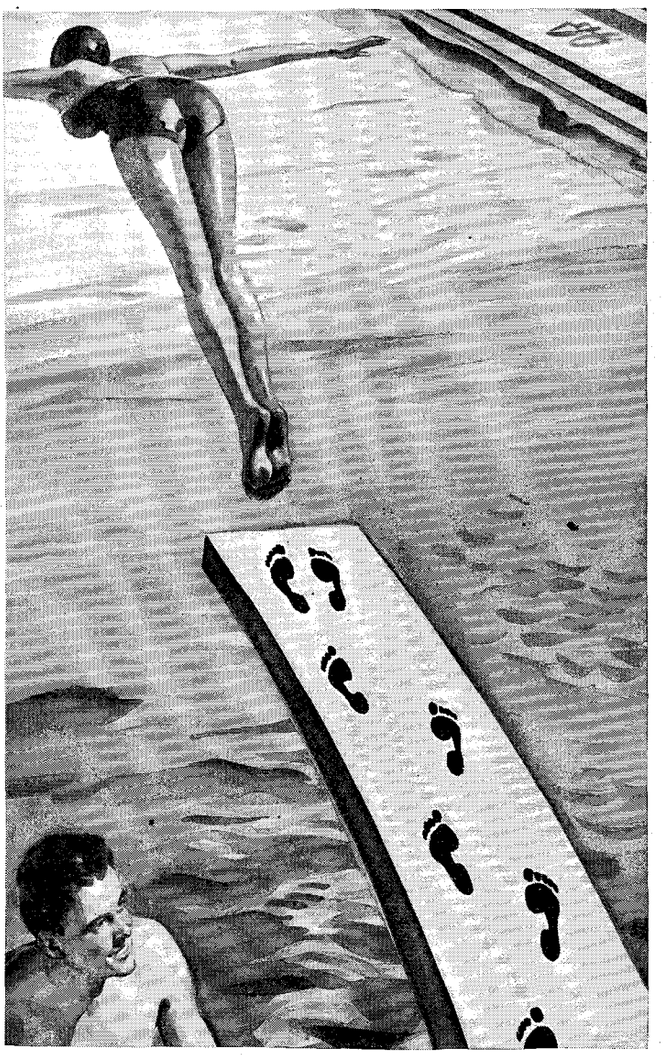
* * *

Curiosity's Penalty—Elmer Koch, of Chicago, sentenced to thirty days for stealing a cuckoo-clock, explained, "I watched it for two weeks, then couldn't stand it any longer."

* * *

Funeral Tipple—The will of the late Jacob Arzheimer, of Philadelphia, specified that pall-bearers be requested to drink ten gallons of wine after his funeral.

THE NEXT ONE IN GETS ATHLETE'S FOOT



SHE'S A "CARRIER"★

THE young lady who just made the beautiful swan dive has Athlete's Foot.

If you could see the infection her bare feet spread you would hesitate before you put your own feet on the plank.

The danger lurks everywhere—at the club, at the beach, even in your own bathroom, and your family may be the next to suffer.

Why not use Absorbine Jr. as an Ounce of Prevention?

Since it kills the fungus, it is foolhardy to wait until you get Athlete's Foot before doing something about it.

Keep a bottle in your club locker.

Douse it on after every swim, every shower.

If you already have a case of Athlete's Foot, use Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

So stubborn is the fungus that re-infection may occur from your own socks, unless boiled 20 minutes or so when washed. If you have a bad case, see a doctor.

Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr. and accept no cheap imitation. Unknown substitutes may not only be ineffective but actually dangerous to your condition. Price, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 345 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U.S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

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"EDUCATIONAL" NEWSREELS FOR WPA

Pathé Will Take No Hand-Outs, Tho Pay is $4.28 a Foot

Through twenty-five years of filming pretzel-bending derbies, blazing buildings and political potentates, the newsreel industry has managed to keep the clammy hand of propaganda off its cameras.

Last week Pathé News took up a contract to make monthly "educational" films for Harry L. Hopkins's Works Progress Administration and distribute them to exhibitors. Cried *The Motion Picture Herald* in black head-lines: "WPA Setting Out to Buy Way to Theater Public."

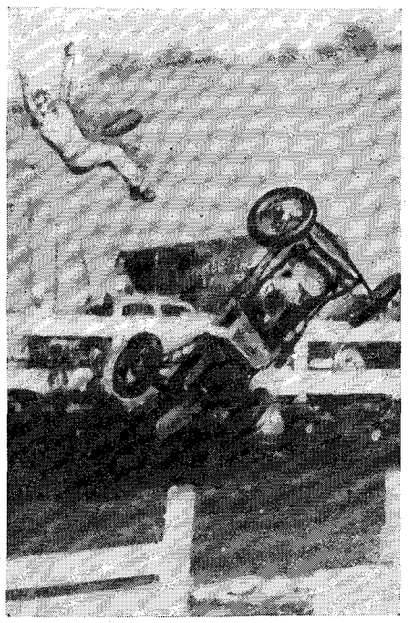
Both parties to the contract brushed aside the charge. Pathé, citing the wording of the agreement, pointed out that it was obligated only to do the filming, that use of the pictures, both for itself, as distributor, and for the exhibitors, was optional, and that, in any case, the WPA "shots" would appear only once a month, whereas Pathé News is issued twice weekly.

In Washington, the New Deal cited precedents: Had not the War Department made an official film-record of the World War? Had not the Federal Housing Administration issued the "Better Housing News" series without adverse comment?

Significant, perhaps, was WPA's expectation that Pathé would use part of each "staged" reel for regular news-film—the effect of which would be that exhibitors would be obliged to show the complete "take" or else curtail programs.

Routine Danger—Employees of Pathé—and other top-notch companies such as Fox Movietone, Paramount, Universal and Hearst Metrotone—were vastly more interested last week in reports that some of their cameramen had been shot in the Spanish civil war. To them danger comes under the heading of fire and flood, not free speech. And even danger is routine.

Making a newsreel means more than sending photographers to horse-races, conventions and zoos. Film-news editors have to be as quick to perceive changes in public taste as their city-desk colleagues. The bathing beauties and naval reviews of a decade ago have given way to serious shots of droughts, hydroelectric dams and peace parleys.



© International

At the Indianapolis Speedway: the driver of the car was sorry . . . the "photog" was not

With each cameraman nowadays there is a contact-man, usually an ex-reporter, who arranges for notables to speak, for good locations for cameras, lights and transportation. Often the contact-man directs the photographer during the filming. In addition to these, there are the sound-men who have to work ahead for recording, and the electricians who frequently have to set up batteries of floodlights.

Their community task, in addition to getting the pictures the editors ordered, is simplicity itself. All they have to do is protect their equipment and keep from getting arrested or otherwise delayed. This means that when bulls, brickbats or auto dirt-road racers head straight for the machines, they must be nonchalant—and alert.

It means that when a plane cracks up over a pounding sea or a flaming factory, the newsreel-man, in bailing out, must think first of his camera. Last week, in Spain, where both Fascists and Popular Frontists were tossing them into jail "for their own safety," it meant thinking fast, and in a foreign language.

Wheels and Wings—The exposed film must be rushed to one of the "key-bureau cities"—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles—and, in the case of shots from Ethiopia, or Inner Mongolia, that may mean by native messenger, camel-back, air-plane, train, ship, more air-plane, and, finally, automobile.

"National interest" films are flown to New York for developing, editing and "synking" (synchronizing sound and pictures, adding a commentator's explanation, such stock "business" as band-music, "restaurant noise" or "roar of Niagara.")

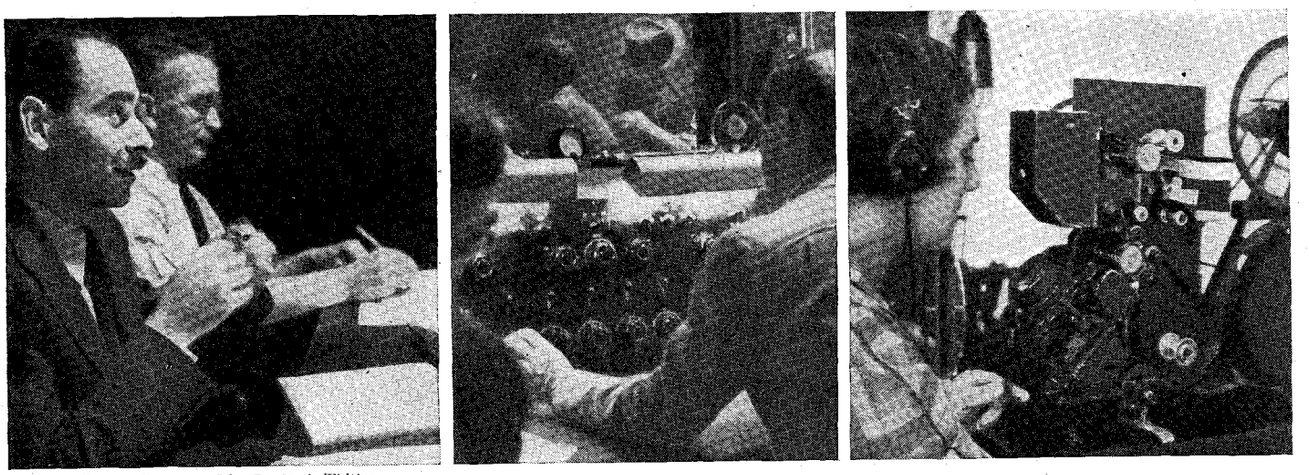
Abroad, American newsreel-crews work from foreign capitals, have reciprocity agreements with firms such as Gaumont-British News. "Scoops" are rare nowadays. If one of Pathé's cameras had broken down at Governor Landon's notification ceremonies in Topeka, probably Fox or Universal would have helped out with an extra print.

When King Alexander of Yugoslavia was assassinated at Marseilles, all the reels were there, but Movietone, which was nearest, got credit for a "scoop." When the attempt was made on King Edward's life last month in London, Metrotone, through an archway, caught the crowd's commotion, flashed a few "stills" of the monarch's assailant in the hands of police.

Matching such ingenuity by newsreel-men was a stunt managed by two newspaper "photogs" recently when they got shots at the Indianapolis Speedway of a driver hurtling through the air as his car crashed. International got one picture, and a free-lancer for the Associated Press was close enough to get almost a duplicate of the classic shot.

Tie-ups—More valuable than hunches, however, are the silver-tongued negotiations of advance men. It will be three years before any company other than Pathé can get close enough to the Dionne quintuplets to snap them. Paramount has a similar tie-up with the Russian Government, doesn't have to take "hand-outs."

WPA insists Pathé will have to take no hand-outs, altho the Government is going to pay $4,280 a reel (about 1,000 feet).



LITERARY DIGEST Photos by John Randolph Whiting

Newsreels in the making: the editors watch the screen, the sound-recorder synchronizes the commentator's sound-track with background sound-effects, and, with a Movieola, a cutter checks the finished product

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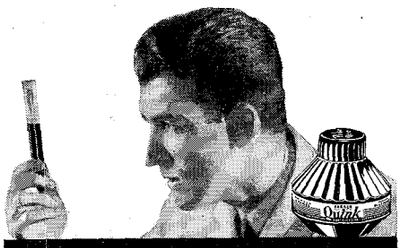

THIS MIRACLE INK
Ends 69% of the Pen Troubles

It Cleans A Pen As It Writes—Hence Ends Clogging—Dries 31% Faster ON PAPER —Yet Does NOT Dry In Your Pen

Repairmen's records indicate that 69% of the troubles caused in all kinds of fountain pens are due to inks that clog the feeds and "gum the works." This is now ended by this scientific development in writing ink—called QUINK. Created at a cost of $68,000, to guard the famous Parker Pens from pen-clogging inks—Quink contains a secret, harmless ingredient that dissolves the sediment left by ordinary inks. Hence Quink actually cleanses a pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. You don't have to shake or fuss with your pen to make the ink flow. It starts instantly—every time.

Use PERMANENT Quink for accounting and general office purposes—it's permanent as the paper. For school and home, use WASHABLE QUINK. If spilled on hands, clothes or rugs, it washes out without trace.

QUINK dries by *penetration*—dries 31% faster *ON PAPER* than average—yet it *resists evaporation*, so does NOT dry in a pen.

Get a bottle of QUINK today from any store selling ink. It's rich and full-bodied—never watery. Has a brilliancy of color that will give your writing distinction. We promise you this: Once you use QUINK, you'll pour your old ink down the drain. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

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ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON SWOLLEN TIRED, ACHING, PERSPIRING FEET

Sport and Sportsmen

YEW AND CEDAR: With Finer Bows and Arrows, American Archers Outshoot Indians

Without benefit of press-agentry or ballyhoo, the ancient sport of archery has been steadily soaring along for 100 years to a current peak of popularity which promises to give America more and better bowmen than it has had since the war-whoops of Sioux and Comanche.

Archers fail to see any "revival" of interest. They argue that their graceful pastime isn't "coming back" for the simple reason that it never has been away.

But sporting-goods houses report sales increases of 20 per cent. Louis C. Smith, Secretary of the National Archery Association, estimates that probably 150,000 men and women, many more than ever before, are nocking arrows and twanging bow-strings on ranges from California to Delaware.

It takes a strong arm, sharp eye, and nice sense of direction to plunk an arrow into the nine-and-six-tenths-inch gold circle at 100 yards. At that distance an archer can't sight point-blank at the target. He has to aim at a point above it, and make allowances for wind and temperature.

'Teen Winners—The difficulties make it as tantalizing for novices as golf is for duffers. As in golf, there isn't any age-limit. Ralph Miller, Jr., a red-headed, left-handed archer, and Madelaine Taylor, were only seventeen when they won the 1933 Men's and Women's Championships.

Van Robertson, of Portland, Oregon, one of the best tournament archers, is sixty-six. The average age is forty.

Affairs of the longbow artists, including the fifty-sixth annual national championship concluded at Battle Creek, Michigan, this week, are under the not-too-heavy thumb of the National Archery Association, formed in 1879. So far the Association hasn't seen the necessity for distinguishing between professionals and amateurs.

Most of the better tournament archers make their own tackle, doing a mild business on the side. Gilman Keasey, twenty-seven-year-old Oregon bowman and 1935 champion, is a tackle manufacturer. Lynn Hodgert, whose wife Ruth won last year's women's title, fashions bows and arrows for the family.

Tackle-making, they think, is as much a part of the sport as shooting. There isn't any reason for classifying archers as professionals on that score.

Archers are as finicky about their equipment as golfers are about their clubs. If they can't make their own, they'll pay from $25 to $50 for a good bow, and as much as $18 a dozen for well-made arrows.

Yew Arcs—Yew is best for bows. The trouble is, it's getting scarce; therefore, increasingly expensive. On the Pacific Coast, 200 people are ransacking the forests for yew-trees, chopping them into billets, and shipping them off to the 300 bowyers and fletchers of the country.

The weight of a bow is the pounds of pressure needed to pull the bowstring back to full distance. Men generally use a six-foot, forty-five pound bow, women a five-and-one-half-foot thirty-pounder. In a

Healthy Days for you again

YES, even if you do not have time for regular outdoor sport—even if you have reached the age when vigorous exercise is no longer wise—you may still enjoy *healthy days!* And many of them!

Take your exercise by the spoonful. Take Saráka,—the modern way to overcome habitual constipation. The laxative that actually exercises and strengthens the intestinal muscles . . . just as swimming exercises your body.

Safe—pleasant to take

After breakfast and dinner, you take a teaspoonful of Saráka*—tiny granules which are easily swallowed with a glass of water. These granules then undergo an amazing change. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. And turn into soft BULK.

"Get busy," this extra bulk signals to lazy intestinal muscles. "Here's what you've needed during all these sluggish months—something to exercise on—something to make you stronger."

Bulk plus Motility*

In addition—to make sure that the extra bulk keeps *in motion*—Saráka contains a specially prepared frangula, which mildly stimulates the intestines to healthy activity. So you have Bulk Plus Motility—a combination not found in ordinary laxatives.

In fact, laxative is the wrong word for Saráka. Its results are so natural yet thorough that most users have no sensation of having taken a laxative. They are reminded of healthy childhood when constipation was not thought of.

Ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is absolutely safe and non-habit forming. It takes advantage of the most recent discoveries in intestinal hygiene. You will find this modern laxative at your druggist's. Or mail the coupon today.

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I am enclosing ten cents for the special trial-size tin of Saráka.

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Another nice thing about the American Mail Liners is that their regular fortnightly sailings from Seattle and Victoria, B. C., (over the shortest, quickest route) let you start exactly when you choose. And if you like, you may stopover anywhere, continue on the next or another of these almost identical ships. Each has every stateroom outside, comfortable lounges and broad decks . . . and the same grand food and friendly service whether you go First Class or economical Tourist.

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THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

tournament, a man pulls a total of 21,060 pounds, a woman, 8,640.

Arrows, archers say, are even more important than the bow. Like golf-clubs, arrows are custom-built jobs, generally made of cedar, as long as the distance from the point of the chin to the back of the bow when fully drawn.

They've got to be matched, too, in length, weight, feathering, or fletching, and spine, the combination of stiffness and resiliency. Feathering is the hardest work. All three feathers must come from the same wing of the same bird, usually a turkey, sometimes a goose.

Golfers occasionally experience a sudden, mysterious stymieing of the muscles that halts a putt or a swing in midair. Archers do, too, only far more frequently. They get the arrow back just short of the anchor-point, and, then, are unable to pull it farther, or release it.

They call it "freezing" or "archer's paralysis," and like to swap corrective ideas.

Super-Indians—Archers usually agree on two things: they are better shots than the American Indians, and they can beat golfers at their own game. In archery, golfers shoot for a small target on the green. Against comparably good golfers, they have an easy time winning, mainly because they never hook or slice into the rough, and get longer distance down the fairway. Flight-shooting, for distance, is another by-product of target-archery. At the 1933 championship in St. Louis, Homer Prouty celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday by launching an arrow 478 yards, a world record.

Lying on his back, with both feet pushing the bow, and both hands pulling the bowstring, Curtis L. Hill sent an arrow off on a 518-yard ride during the same tournament for a world free-style record. Hill's shot, the longest ever recorded, traveled slightly farther than an ordinary revolver bullet will carry, and three times as far as Babe Ruth's longest home-run.

Sportsmen find hunting with bow and arrow far more exciting than using high-powered rifles. Some of them have a rifleman lurking in the background, just in case something goes wrong. But not Howard Hill, famous Alabama archer, and the first man ever to bag a big horn-sheep with bow and arrow.

Hill, says Andrew R. Boone, in *Popular Science*, can pump steel-tipped, broad-head arrows into a charging mountain-lion with the speed and accuracy of a repeating rifle. Using an English-type bow, with a pull of 110 pounds, more than twice that of the average target-weapon, Hill wings away his arrows at more than 200 miles an hour.

Once the former world flight-shooting champion drove an arrow clean through a lunging, 1,000-pound black bear.

Still in his thirties, Hill has hunted everything from buffalo and wildcat to rattlesnake and alligator. Seminole Indians taught him to stalk game. He dresses the part, usually buckskin trousers, moccasins, sometimes even a war-feather thrust into his tangle of curly, black hair.

Lucky Habit—Every archer has a lucky shot now and then, but Hill's accuracy makes luck look like a habit. Once, in Florida, he dropped an owl out of a tree 146 yards away, and stopped a Wyoming elk in its tracks with a single arrow at 135 yards.

With special arrows attached by a line to his belt, Hill also shoots into water for alligator, water-snake, small fish, shark, and sting-ray. The highest-powered rifle bullet will not penetrate water effectively for more than two feet. Hill's arrows have bit into fish five feet under the surface.

Hill is confident he can kill any animal in the world with a bow and arrow. So far he's taken on the rowdiest and ugliest beasts of North America. He wants to take a crack at elephants and hippopotami in Africa.

A secretly-designed, high-powered bow, and specially-built arrows, he hopes, will make the bigger game as easy prey as an infuriated wild boar. In a test, he drove one of his new arrows through nine truck-tires.

For hunting game and fighting, bows probably came into existence 25,000 years ago, and have been used in every part of

William Rittase Photo

Archery—one of the most popular sports at girls' schools and colleges

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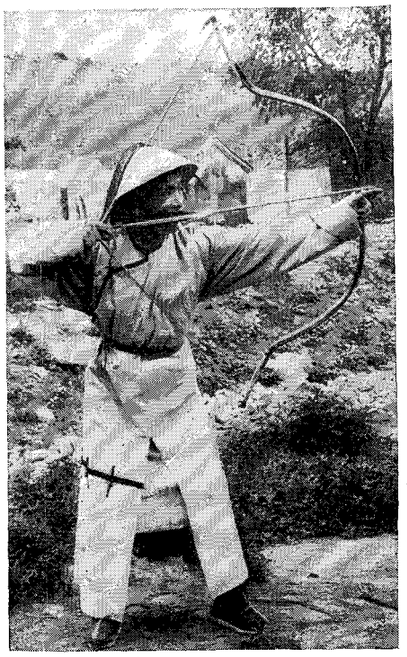

Keystone

China, too, has its devotees of the ancient sport of shooting with bow and arrow

the world since then. As a sport, archery has an active following in Belgium, France, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Japan, China, and, with all the flourish and formality of a guard-mount at Buckingham Palace, in Great Britain.

Tradition-revering country squires from Land's End to Duncansby Head respect the fine old British archery saga, with its rollicking chapters on the Black Prince and Robin Hood, and its slaughterous tales of English bowmen's victories over the French at Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt.

Clubby Archers—Britons draw keen satisfaction from the resounding pedigrees of private associations of archers perpetuating the tradition. Mellowest of these ancient societies are the Scottish Royal Company of Archers, vintage of 1676, and the Woodmen of Arden, an English club this year celebrating its 150th anniversary.

Every spring the Scotsmen pack their archery tackle, their jaunty Balmoral bonnets, and their dark green military uniforms, and set off for the woodmen's exclusive bailiwick at Meriden, in Warwickshire, once part of the celebrated Forest of Arden.

On Grand Week, biggest "Wardmote" of the season, they match arrow for arrow with Woodmen in the traditional get-up of green tail-coat, buff waistcoat, white trousers, and broad-brimmed slouch hat.

Both societies specialize in long-range "clout-shooting" at 220 yards, a distance prescribed 300 years ago when every Briton was expected to do his duty with the longbow. That far away, even a Robin Hood can't follow his arrow too well. "Markers" do the spotting.

Decorous in tail-coat, white knee-breeches, white stockings, and shiny black silk top-hats, the markers stand solemnly at attention at the far end of the field, vaguely shielded against berserk arrows by tall, narrow screens pegged down a few feet from each "clout," or target.

When an arrow bites into the turf, the marker signals its position by waving a napkin at the end of a stick, then quickly freezes again to wait for the next shot.

For a direct hit, the marker lets himself go. He takes off his topper, collapses on the turf, and gyrates arms and legs madly. The archer acknowledges this burst of energy by gravely doffing his hat.

Custom and tradition, plus the schooled seriousness of both participants, make the whole procedure a very dignified affair. And, besides, it isn't cricket to laugh.

RULE-BREAKERS: Tho Most Athletes Abstain From Drinking and Smoking, There Are Exceptions

With the unexpected dismissal from the United States women's swimming-team of Mrs. Eleanor Holm Jarrett, for drinking aboard ship on the way to the Olympic Games, sports-writers emerged from a hasty literary huddle last week with an almost unanimous indictment of the American Committee's action as "unfair," and immediately went back for a long discussion of training methods in general.

"When a player has been competing up in the championship brackets for eight years, the individual develops some personal ideas on training," commented Westbrook Pegler in his syndicated column.

Just what those personal ideas are interested many reminiscing trainers and reporters last week as they swapped yarns of historic binges which broke the staleness of overtraining for such famous athletes as Babe Ruth, Mickey Walker, Jim Corbett, and many others.

"Training athletes is an individual proposition," says Artie McGovern, former fighter and one of America's top-flight physical conditioners.

Meat and Poison—"What's good for one man is no good for another," says the man who has trained more than 100,000 athletes and business men. "To lay down a set of rules for all fighters or all swimmers is silly. I've seen too many great athletes burned out from overtraining."

McGovern believes a properly balanced diet is more important than heavy exercise for an athlete in training. He doesn't indorse liquor or tobacco, but ridicules the notion that smoking "ruins a man's wind."

Smoky Victory—Not many American track-coaches allow their men so much as one cigarette during training. But at the 1920 Olympics in Antwerp, according to Charles E. Parker, New York *World-Telegram* sports-writer, cigarettes won the 400-meter run for the South African team.

Bevil G. D. Rudd, ranking middle-distance runner of the British Empire, was a constant smoker. Impressed by non-smoking American athletes' success, team officials asked him to give up tobacco for the few weeks before the Games.

Rudd did. In his first event, the 800, he lost in slow time. He explained that his system was geared to tobacco.

He started smoking again. A few days later, he tossed away his cigarette, went out on the track, and blazed down the home-stretch in the 400-meter run to win by six yards, fifteen yards in front of the nearest American, a strictly-trained athlete.

All of which might be called the exception that proves the rule, since ninety-nine out of 100 runners do *not* smoke, and probably never would win a race if they did.

Says Bill Hargiss, who developed Glenn Cunningham of Kansas, the world's fastest miler:

"Runners who break training and still win invariably win *in spite of*, not *because of*, their tactics."

Hanley

Clipshave

Here at last is the shaving comfort you've always wanted—at a reasonable price. CLIPSHAVE is the *perfected* electric shaver—the shaver that removes the heaviest beard or the downiest fuzz without the slightest irritation to the skin. CLIPSHAVE massages while it shaves—it gets long hairs as well as short ones—it trims sideburns neatly and cleanly—and it can't clog. No fuss, no bother with CLIPSHAVE—you don't even have to remove your collar.

CLIPSHAVE saves you the expense of blades, soap and brush—and uses only a few cents worth of current yearly. CLIPSHAVE will pay for itself many times over—get one today! CLIPSHAVE operates on either A.C. or D.C.

WOMEN like CLIPSHAVE, too. It is the most comfortable, efficient method for removing unwanted hair. Simple and safe to use. Does not coarsen hair.

Your dealer will be glad to demonstrate this marvelous shaver. If he can't supply you, send $10 direct to Dept. L, Clipshave, Inc., 11 North Pearl St., Port Chester, New York. :: Money-back guarantee.

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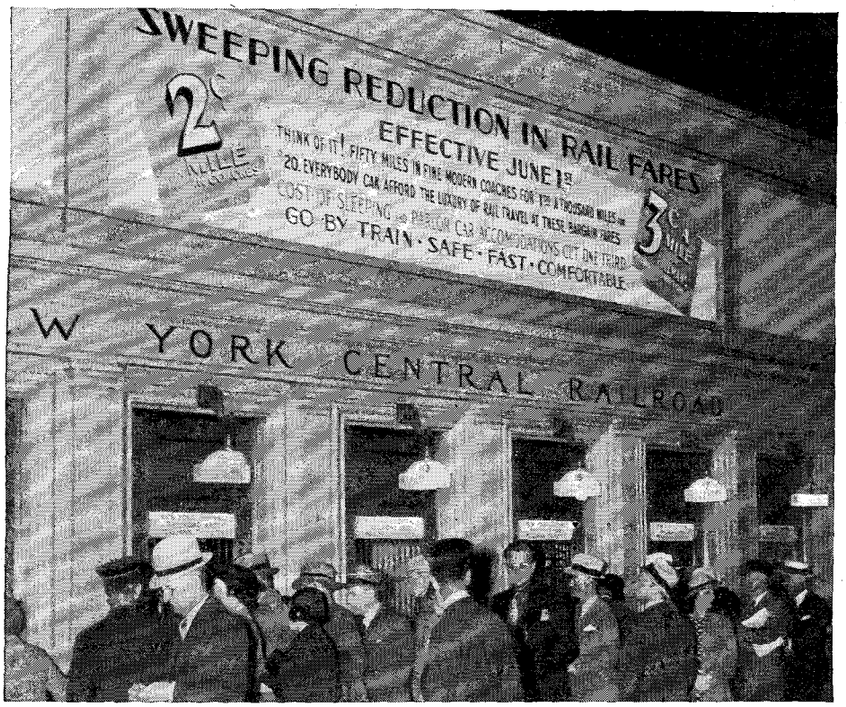
NICKEL CIGAR TOPS RECOVERY MARCH

Chamber of Commerce Forecasts Best Business Year Ahead



Acme

With passenger fares slashed, Eastern railroads enjoy increased business

"What this country really needs is a good five-cent cigar," Thomas R. Marshall interjected during a debate on the country's troubles two decades ago. Searching for evidence of to-day's business recovery, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States found last week that the number of five-cent cigars produced in June topped all records, rising a good third over the figure for June, 1929.

Coupling this sign with other facts, the Chamber concluded that "with the record practically made for seven months, it is clear that the course of 1936 may show this as the best year in physical volume of business since 1929."

Employment in manufacturing establishments in June, the Chamber said, rose above any month since October, 1930. Also, retail trade, building construction, railroads and power companies welcomed steadily growing activity since January by employing more workers. On a wider front, increasing imports and exports for the first six months added to the business transacted within the country, as well as to the rise in the transportation of goods by railroads and other carriers.

Profit-Sharing—That stockholders would share in the growing recovery snow-ball quickly became evident with the inflow of corporation reports and the hiking of dividends by many boards of directors.

Standard Statistics hastily scanned the earnings of the first 109 industrial companies to report for the second quarter and released the news. These corporations earned $72,343,000 in the June quarter, an increase of 59 per cent. over the similar 1935 period.

As the rush of reports continued, the figures of ranking companies, with remarkably few exceptions, backed up the Chamber's estimate of a good year. United States Steel Corporation, watched more than any other company because its results are supposed to reflect the financial trend, showed six months' earnings of $16,238,727, the best record for any six-months' period since the second half of 1930.

The amount equaled forty-one cents a share on the common stock after allowing for full preferred dividend requirements of $3.50 a share for the period. Directors promptly upped the quarterly dividend rate on the preferred to $1, doubling the amount paid since the beginning of 1933.

High Quarter—In the automobile field, General Motors, biggest of the "Big Three," reported earnings for the six months of $140,572,546, against $83,729,838 in the comparable period last year. On a common-stock basis, the company earned $3.17 a share for the six months, to which the second quarter contributed $2, the highest quarterly earnings since the pleasant predepression years.

Chrysler Corporation, with Ford the other member of the motor hierarchy, cracked through with a profit of $29,473,736, the highest half-year earnings in the company's history. The amount equaled $6.83 a share on the common stock, and directors swiftly cut up the melon by declaring a $4 dividend on the common, payable on September 15. Already Chrysler has paid dividends of $1 and $1.50.

Not to be outdone, many independents showed improvement, with Packard and Hudson reporting the highest earnings for any six months since the first half of 1930. Packard earned $3,520,128, or twenty-three cents a share, and Hudson earned $2,144,804, before provision for Federal income taxes.

Among companies in other fields that joined the parade, International Business Machines Corporation turned up with earnings of $3,832,001, the largest six months in the company's history, and equivalent to $5.18 a share.

Rail Gains—In the railroad field, where earnings are reported monthly, interest centered on how the big Eastern carriers had come out under the passenger-fare slashes ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Effective June 2, they amounted to a basic rate of two cents a mile in coaches, compared with the old 3.6 cent rate, and eliminated Pullman surcharges. Only the Baltimore and Ohio of the large Eastern carriers approved the move.

This carrier reported passenger revenues for June of $1,056,299, an increase of 16.7 per cent. over June, 1935. The Pennsylvania collected $5,256,798 from passengers, a gain of 6.6 per cent.; the New York Central $5,448,785, a gain of 11 per cent; and the New York, New Haven and Hartford, $1,891,824, an increase of 1.5 per cent.

But many railroad officials remained skeptical that the low fares actually had been beneficial. In the first five months of this year, for example, Pennsylvania's passenger revenues ran approximately 10 per cent. ahead of the similar period for 1935, against only the 6.6 per cent. increase in June.

BEAR GROWLS: Communist Russia, Growing Independent of Capitalist World, Will Buy Less

Until recent years the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics hammered at the gates of the capitalist world. Give us, the Communists clamored, economic recognition.

They got it.

Reluctantly at first, more generously later, England, Germany and other Continental Powers extended credits. Trade with Russia, which had been frozen by the Allied blockade up to 1920, began to thaw.

Into the Socialist Fatherland poured capitalist steel, cotton, tractors and machine-tools. From the 3,200,000 rubles

Lerner from Sovfotos

Communist Comrade Ivan Boyeff: American capitalists seek invitations to his table

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(about $1,600,000) in 1919, Soviet purchases abroad hurtled to more than a billion rubles in 1931. No small part of this trade went to America.

Buying Cut—Last week, the Russian bear reared up on his hind legs and growled: "Soviet purchases abroad will be drastically reduced. Furthermore, the Soviet Union would no longer pay 8 per cent. nor even 6 per cent. for credit accommodations."

The reasons: Communist Russia was growing increasingly independent of the capitalist world because of the development of its industries; the Soviet also desired to limit foreign purchases so that it could save foreign exchange and build up its gold reserves (now $1,000,000,000) in preparation for its show-down war with Germany and Japan.

In the New York sky-scraper offices of Amtorg (Amerikanskaya-Torgovlya—American Trade) Comrade Ivan Boyeff, Chairman, paused to digest the Foreign Trade Commissariat's ukase.

Would the order affect Soviet purchases in America? The forty-two-year-old one-time Vice-Commissar of Russia's foreign trade, decided it would not.

Only a fortnight ago, the United States renewed a trade pact with Russia which called for $30,000,000 of Soviet purchases in America during the fiscal year ending July 31, 1937. Trade, therefore, would not slump immediately.

Early in 1938, however, Comrade Boyeff's job as head of Amtorg might lose most of its importance. Amtorg buys almost everything the U.S.S.R. needs from America, from radio equipment to engineering advice. Also, it sells everything America needs from Russia—from ants' eggs (pharmaceuticals) to fine Turkestan rugs and Czarist art treasures.

In 1924, three years before the Communists put their shoulders to the wheel with the first Five-Year Plan, Moscow leaders called in Isaiah J. Hoorgin, a foreign trade commissar. Russia needed Yankee mining equipment to tap the mineral wealth of the rich Urals, they told him. Promptly the saintly little Communist sailed for America to organize a buying and selling organization.

From Russia, Hoorgin had brought a brief-case, fat with orders. Mashino-import (Machinery Import Corporation) wanted hoisting equipment, and power machinery. The gentle Hoorgin haggled for credit and bought for cash. The young Amtorg Corporation took a small commission for executing orders, enough to cover overhead.

Hoorgin was drowned in an Adirondack Lake in 1925. His successors had their hands full with untried investigators and trade with the United States withered. The record $114,398,337 of Soviet purchases in the United States in 1930 toppled 90 per cent. by 1934.

Under Boyeff, trade revived. Ambassador William C. Bullitt's pact with Foreign Commissar Litvinoff in July, 1935, opened the sluiceways of commerce between the two Republics. The U.S.S.R. promised to buy at least $30,000,000 of goods here; actually, the Soviet Union bought more than $40,000,000.

In the shadow of the Empire State Building, in offices occupying four floors, 150 employees (one-third of them Russian) toil for Amtorg.

Ping-Pong and Catalogs—Olive-skinned young men with commissions from Russia huddle about conference-tables and study catalogs offered by American salesmen. On the floor set aside for social rooms, cooperative store and library, the Amtorg Employees' Association (not a company union) relaxes at the ping-pong table and at the grand piano.

To do business with big American industrialists, Comrade Boyeff lives like a big business man. Daily, he arrives at work in a shiny, black Cadillac, driven by a chauffeur. To entertain in suitable style the Soviet Government permits him a generous expense-account. To be invited to Communist Comrade Boyeff's for dinner has pleased more than a few top-flight American capitalists, for Comrade Boyeff talks for cash-on-the-line customers.

NO DRAB WALLS: Latest Designs in Papers in Art-Gallery Array to Aid Sales-Boom

Whether or not the Constitution of the United States belongs to the horse-and-buggy era, wall-paper manufacturers insist that their wares do not.

To prove their point, twenty-five of the nation's thirty-three wall-paper producers last week presented an art-gallery array of the latest designs in an exposition in New York's glamourous Waldorf-Astoria.

To gaping home-makers and buyers (store representatives) salesmen pointed out that the drab "oatmeal" papers of a decade ago had gone. Gone also were the monotonous, geometric array of squares and circles, the wild, oversized roses. In their stead, housewives admired washable, non-fading wall-papers containing large designs, which, demonstrators explained, would make small rooms look large.

For the breakfast-room, the housewife now could choose wall-papers bearing smart designs of egg-cups or cooking utensils; for the game-room, wall-paper depicting poker-chips, cocktail-glasses, cards.

Reserved for the bathroom were some of the most graceful wall-papers of all: gulls with black beaks against a background of gray-green sky and marsh-land.

Show Impresario—In the rôle of show impresario stood the Wall Paper Institute, whose members account for 75 per cent. of the total American production.

The Institute grew out of the Wall Paper Manufacturers' NRA code a little more than a year ago. First, the organization interested itself in fair-trade activities. Later, it turned to the more exciting task of preaching the gospel of the new wall-paper and trying to recapture the boom trade of 1923, when factory sales totaled $35,000,000.

Because of competition from paints and reduced spending during the depression, sales had slid to $15,000,000 in 1933.

To regain lost ground, the industry introduced washable non-fading wall-papers. They put pressure on designers to produce wall-papers in keeping with the gayer, less formal trend in interior decoration.

In pamphlets and through the trade-papers, the Institute drove home the point that wall-paper costs are moderate. For $18 to $25, a housewife can decorate an average-sized living-room with washable, good grade paper. If she desires hand-made scenic effects, she can spend as much as $200. Sales picked up. For the year ending June 30, factory sales totaled $22,000,000. In two years the Institute expects to push sales back to $35,000,000.

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Parade

Following an illness of two years, **Father Baker,** ninety-five, "padre of the poor," died at Lackawanna, New York. Officially the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Nelson H. Baker, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Buffalo, the Catholic priest was nevertheless known throughout the countryside as simply "Father Baker." Founder of the Our Lady of Victory institutions—known as the "Second Holy City"—he celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination as a priest last March. Ten years ago, on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary,

© International

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.: "We've got to watch our step against false booms and build slowly..."

Patrick Cardinal Hayes, fourteen bishops and 700 priests attended a dinner in his honor.

It was entirely from popular subscription that the Our Lady of Victory institutions were built, at a cost of $25,000,000. They include an orphan-asylum, an infants' home, a protectorate for boys and another for girls, a school, a working boys' home, a technical school, a 600-acre farm and a hospital.

There also is the famous basilica, with a dome second in size only to the Capitol in Washington.

Under Father Baker's guidance, more than 25,000 orphan and homeless boys have been cared for at the institutions. More than 250,000 needy received free medical attention, and more than 500,000 received clothing and free meals.

* * *

Having rowed across the Bay of Fundy, 155 miles in five days, **Harry Franklin Phillips** claimed a new record. Now fifty-six and a Boston attorney, he stroked the Harvard '04 crew in which President Roosevelt was No. 7.

"While rowing, I drink orange and lemon juice and eat canned peas," he stated. "I owe my good condition to the fact that I don't smoke or drink."

On the last day of his latest trip, Phillips said he rowed thirty-three miles in seven hours, ten minutes—a new record.

At a ceremony in London, **Dwight F. Davis,** donor of the Davis Cup, was presented with a gold repeater-watch. Representatives of the twenty-three nations participating in the tournament this year were present. **Sir Samuel Hoare,** President of the British Lawn Tennis Association, paid high tribute to Mr. Davis.

* * *

Memories of a feud which stirred the nation in 1896 were revived when **Beatty Smith Balestier,** sixty-six, died in Brattleboro, Vermont. In that year he was brought to court by his brother-in-law, the late **Rudyard Kipling,** for alleged verbal assault. Having called Kipling "liar, cheat, thief and coward," Balestier was placed under a $400 bond to keep the peace.

With her poem about gardens, "Transition," **Miss Doris Taft** of Minneapolis won the National Poetry Center's prize for 1936.

Renouncing "all materialistic pleasures," **Rajkumari Amrit Kawr,** wealthy, beautiful Indian Princess, joined the cause of **Mahatma Gandhi.** She is the daughter of the former **Maharaja Harnam Singh of Kappurthala.**

* * *

There were no official celebrations in Italy as **Premier Benito Mussolini** reached his fifty-third birthday. Having listed youth as one of the cardinal principles of his Government, the Premier frowned on any publicity about his age.

"Woodrow Wilson was the hope of the world," declared **Dr. William E. Dodds,** American Ambassador to Germany, as he sailed for Berlin. "For example," he said, "Woodrow Wilson offered the world the same thing that George Washington offered the United States in 1779, when we got the Union."

John Astor Squiers married **Ada Mordaque Stoude** by proxy in Juarez, Mexico. He is the son of the late **Herbert Goldsmith Squiers,** former United States Minister to Cuba and Panama.

* * *

"All right—just shaken up" was the comment of **Senator Vic Donahey** of Ohio after his fishing-launch was hit by a bolt of lightning near Solomon's Island, Maryland.

As he boarded the liner *Queen Mary,* **Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.,** President of General Motors, spoke briefly on business conditions. "We've got to watch our step against false booms and build slowly and steadily."

Mrs. William Revell Moody of East Northfield, Massachusetts, married **Charles E. Dickerson** in Stockholm, Sweden. She is the granddaughter of the late **Dwight L. Moody,** evangelist.

* * *

Having learned to swim at seventy-five, **Mrs. Lovina Williams** of Edwardsville, Kansas, now takes a daily dip at ninety-one. "I got busy and the first thing I knew I was on top of the water," she said to questions of how she learned.

First stop on her vacation for **June Lang,** young motion-picture actress, was the studio of **Albert Stewart,** sculptor. She had been invited to pose because he believes she possesses "the genuine modern figure."

"I was impressed by photos of Miss Lang," declared Stewart.

"Her figure is just what the modern artist is trying to achieve in his work. I can't give specifications, but we do like a lighter torso and arms with larger lower limbs than is generally considered in real American beauty. We believe that ankles should be large enough to suggest they can support a human body, not the 'tooth-pick' variety which have been fashionable since the War. Furthermore—such ankles don't have to be clumsy."

* * *

A chow-dog, **Fan Tan Ling,** was the center of a bitter feud in Wilton, Connecticut. **Warwick G. Boxall,** prominent in society, complained that the dog, pet of **Ursula Parrott,** novelist, repeatedly knocked over his garbage-can in forays for food. Miss Parrott then kept Fan Tan Ling at home and built an additional enclosure on her property. The feud broke out anew as Boxall charged the enclosure was a pig-sty.

"It's right across the road from my property," he fumed. "I know it's a pig-sty, because it has troughs." To which Miss Parrott replied: "But I haven't seen any pigs—yet."

* * *

Philippa Duke Schuyler, Negro child prodigy, received a grand piano on her fifth birthday as a result of recent achievements in composition. At three, she could read, write and recite "The Rubaiyat." At four she could spell "pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoniosis." Now she is an excellent arithmetic and geography student in addition to having composed a dozen songs. "Do you know what you're going to get for your birthday?" her mother asked. "Yes," Philippa replied, "ice cream and watermelon."

* * *

Mrs. Katherine Demmie Douglas, known in Paris for her charity work, married **S. Pinkney Tuck,** First Secretary of the United States Embassy in the French Capital.

Recovered from his recent illness, but "anxious to take a rest," **J. P. Morgan,** sailed on his yacht *Corsair* for his annual visit to England. Later he will tour the Mediterranean on the boat.

"The dear, good old days are dead as mutton!" declared **Maj. A. Hamilton Gibbs,** author, in pronouncing skepticism of international good wishes. Pointing with his pipe to a group of women he added: "There aren't any of them who wouldn't relish being a Gold Star mother all over again."

* * *

Threatening to leave Salzburg if any performance conducted by him is broadcast to Germany, **Arturo Toscanini** once again showed his disapproval of the Nazi treatment of Jewish musicians.

June Lang . . . has been invited to pose, for possessing "the genuine modern figure"

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

The rider stands at the side of his mount, facing the saddle, places his left hand on the horse's neck, inserts his left foot into the stirrup, with the point of the boot towards the horse. As the rider swings into the saddle, the stirrup naturally turns with him. In any case, whether or not Readers Davis, Knox, and E.K.M. approve Governor Landon's horsemanship, the fact remains that the photograph in question is a bona fide picture, made by International News Photos, Inc.—EDITOR.]

Sir:—Pray allow me to say that the writer of the comments following each "Slip That Passes in The Type" is a wit of the first water; a humorist whose pungent comments give me the keenest joy, and I don't laugh easily.

The man whose printed word can unfailingly make us laugh out loud is valuable to his fellow beings. P. P. WILLIAMSON.

Sarasota, Florida.

Sir:—Don't let W. C. Thomas get the Editor of "Slips" down. The clever comment following the quips makes the column for me.

Tulsa, Oklahoma. MRS. L. C. TYACK.

Dear Sir:—Do not mind the adverse criticisms you get on your interpretive remarks that follow "The Slips that Pass." The Slips just happened, the writing of the addenda required wit and thought.

Only pedantically minded ones would object to them. They make the column.

R. H. DINGELSTEDT.

Hoboken, New Jersey.

Sir:—Let me add my emphatic indorsement to those of your readers who object to the silly editorial comments on "Slips That Pass in the Type." It is like nothing so much as some moron Smart Aleck trying to wisecrack, and making a fool of himself.

Would suggest you omit the "Slips" altogether, They don't amount to anything anyhow. Better print letters from your readers, they are interesting and informing.

E. A. QUIMBY.

South Orange, New Jersey.

Radio

Sir:—The article titled "Rugged Individualism of the Air," was a pen-stroke in the right direction. It is to be hoped you will give your readers more of this kind of enlightening information.

Perhaps, some day, people who invest in radio receiving-sets will be relieved of some of the things they now suffer, through no fault of their own. What the average listener wants is not a "billboard of the air" but entertainment, enlightenment—something to inspire rest, and not glaring, glamourous advertising, gangster stories and horse-laughing.

WM. H. RICHARDSON.

Raleigh, North Carolina.

Sir:—I have always been an admirer of THE LITERARY DIGEST, having used it in my classes in high school in past years because I thought that it could be depended upon to get the facts concerning any article which it published. A reading of the article, "'Rugged Individualism' of the Air," serves somewhat to disillusion me.

As I regard the article, it seems to me that one finds far too many misstatements of fact. Here are a few, for example:

(1) Your statement that a few years ago there were more than 500 radio stations in the United States devoted exclusively to educational programs. Statistics from the Federal Communications Commission or from the National Committee on Education by Radio will show that there were never more than a little over 100.

(2) W. B. Levenson is not director of radio activities for the public schools of Cleveland.

(3) The National Committee on Education by Radio, which has been in existence since 1930, and not the Women's National Radio Committee, which is of recent origin, has been the organization which, more than any other, has been responsible for the improvement of American commercial radio.

(4) Having recently spent five weeks in England studying the set-up of the British Broadcasting Corporation, I know that radio there is not supervised by the Postmaster General. Altho he issues the license to the Corporation, its affairs are managed by a board of governors and executed by the Director-General of the BBC, Sir John Reith.

TRACY F. TYLER,
Former Secretary,
National Committee on Education by Radio.

New York.

[1. The phrase "more than 500" was a typographical error; "more than 100" is correct.

2. Mr. Levenson described himself to the DIGEST as Director of Radio Activities of the Public Schools of Cleveland.

3. In crediting the Women's National Radio Committee with the major contribution toward the improvement of radio in America, the DIGEST did not mean to disparage the parallel efforts of the National Committee on Education by Radio. The fact that the former enlists the opinions and pressure of 20,000,000 women, it seems to the DIGEST, speaks for itself. In any case, the assigning of mathematical shares of credit among organizations working for the same laudable goal seems beside the point. The DIGEST may be pardoned for assuming that the Women's National Radio Committee and the National Committee on Education by Radio were not in any sense rivals.

4. The article did not say that the British Postmaster General supervised English radio programs, but simply referred to him as the "czar of BBC"—which he is.—*Editor.*]

Bouquets

Sir:—Please allow me to congratulate you on your magazine. It shows a great improvement, and I enjoy every article in it. I especially enjoy the "Science and Medicine"; "Drama and Music"; "Foreign Comment" and "Letters and Art" sections.

MRS. MARIE PINDER.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

Sir:—I am pleased to state that I enjoy reading the "clean, clear and informative articles" contained in THE LITERARY DIGEST and profit thereby in being kept "abreast of what is going on in the most stirring period the world has ever known!"

As a practical and capable judge of typography, I can truthfully say THE LITERARY DIGEST is *well made up, clearly printed* and *finely illustrated.*

R. NELSON BRIGGS.

Toronto, Canada.

Sir:—I find your LITERARY DIGEST full of interesting articles and boiled down to suit a busy man.

It affords many openings for conversation and paves the way for the quiet man to still continue to say little and mean much.

Toronto, Ontario. W. A. BYERS.

Sir:—I like THE LITERARY DIGEST very much. It is all you claim it to be and more. In one man's opinion, it is one weekly that one can not be without, especially with the biggest election campaign that this country has ever seen under way. I look forward to your accurate forecast. B. ERHARDT.

Port Washington, New York.

Boake Carter

Sir:—What you may have to say about me or my work, as a newspaper man, is your privilege. That I think is the privilege of all of us in this democracy.

However, this is to put you straight on errors of fact in the radio comment of your July 25 issue:

Boake is a family name and therefore not a nickname to be written in parentheses or quotes.

I am not Russian-born. My father was Irish; my mother was English and I was born in the British Consulate in Baku, South Russia. If you, as editor of LITERARY DIGEST, were born of American parents in China, would you be Chinese-born?

Further, I am a citizen of the United States, which you so cheerfully omitted.

You might in fairness print this letter so that your readers may get the facts straight.

BOAKE CARTER.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

[Mr. Carter's name was given as Harold T. H. ("Boake") Carter. Since he does not

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Bute—stroboscopist (p. 20)—as the small boy says, "That's a *beaut'!*"

Covici-Friede—book publishers—original pronunciations retained: *ko-vee'chee free'duh.*

Gielgud—English actor—our British friends say *geel'good,* with hard *g's.*

Knopf—book publisher—sound the *k: k'nupf.*

Ludendorff—founder of Tannenberg League (p. 26)—*lu* as in *Lulu;* or, *loo'den-dorf.*

Nemeth—photographer (p. 20)—heavy on the *ne: nee'meth.*

Peattie—wrote "Green Laurels" (p. 22)—just *peety;* and the middle name is *cul-ross'.*

Peltier—who discovered the new comet—*tier* rimes with *pier;* or, *pel-teer'.*

Savo Radulovich—artist from Serbia (p. 21)—stress in front and roll the *r: sah'vo rrah'doo-lo-vitch.*

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attempt to correct the impression current in the radio fraternity that Boake was no part of his christened given-names, the DIGEST must continue to share the general belief that he "adopted" it—in which case DIGEST style dictates that it be used with parentheses and quotation marks, whether a family name or not. Certainly no slight was intended.

The expression "Russian-born" was meant to say just what it says: that, as he agrees, Mr. Carter was born *in* Russia. The expression "English-bred," which immediately preceded "Russian-born," was intended to make it clear that "Russian" was used in the geographical, rather than the racial, sense.

The fact that Mr. Carter is now an American citizen did not seem significant to the brief mention of him in the story, which was about the radio in America, not Mr. Carter.—*Editor.*]

League of Nations

Sir:—Woodrow Wilson when he spoke about being "too proud to fight" had a fine conception, but unfortunately he was forced into making threats, and was plunged into war—the very thing he was pledged to avoid. The League of Nations learned nothing from the tragedy of its founder, and fell into exactly the same trap. Having renounced war, it proceeded to impose sanctions and threaten war—the very thing it also was pledged to avoid.

Far from the League requiring "more teeth," the present decayed ones should be extracted. The name itself "League of Nations" implies nationality, and should be changed to "World Advisory Council." This would in no way clash with the "World Court," as this is a court of law, and the proposed set-up would be a court of justice. Timid souls have nothing to fear. The League, as it exists, is dead, and things could not possibly be worse—they might conceivably be better. MAURICE TALBOT.
Hollywood, California.

Patrick Henry

Sir:—May I call attention to this "Slip" in your issue dated July 25?

On page 6, "Presidential Nominees Warming Up," Senator Glass is quoted as saying, "at the bicentennial celebration of the *death* of Patrick Henry"—so and so. The reference is, of course, to the bicentennial of his *birth*. To "celebrate" the anniversary of a great man's death would surely be as unusual as ungracious. SOPHIA G. KEENAN.
Pittsburgh.

[Our slip. Patrick Henry was born May 29, 1736; died June 6, 1799.—*Editor.*]

Theodosia Burr

Sir:—The July 25 issue of the DIGEST under caption "Sharing Art," page 21, states:

"Theodosia Burr, sister of the man who shot Alexander Hamilton" and who "married Washington Allston."

Your "Standard Encyclopedia" and other records report, she was the *daughter* of Aaron Burr and married Joseph Alston.
W. B. WRIGHT.
Moultrieville, South Carolina.

Sir:—Edition of July 25. Caption "Sharing Art." Read it and weep:

"Ill-fated Theodosia Burr, *sister* of the man who shot Alexander Hamilton, married one of its squires." ROY CRANDALL.
Attleboro, Massachusetts.

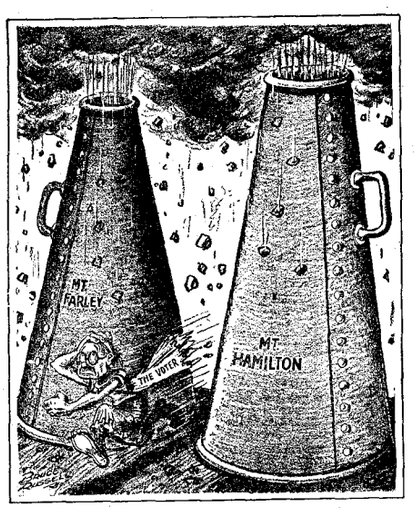
Sir:—That interesting article "Sharing Art," states that Theodosia Burr was the sister of Aaron Burr.

All readers of American history know that Theodosia Burr was the daughter of Aaron Burr.

In your own publication, Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Encyclopedia, under Burr, reads:

"Burr, Theodosia, 1783-1813, a brilliant American woman, the only child of Aaron Burr. Born in New York, she became famous for her beauty and accomplishments. She married Joseph Alston, who became Governor of South Carolina. Through all the disasters which befell her father she showed intense devotion. She was drowned in the *Patriot* when on a voyage to New York to see her father." ROLAND P. KREDEL.
Emsworth, Pennsylvania.

[THE LITERARY DIGEST regrets having stated that Theodosia Burr was the sister of Aaron Burr. She was his only daughter. The DIGEST did not say that she married Washington Allston, the portrait-painter. Her husband was Joseph Alston, Governor of South Carolina.—*Editor.*]



THE BLAST DAYS OF POMPEII!
—Russell in the Los Angeles Times

Wants Spice

Sir:—I have been reading THE LITERARY DIGEST for fifteen years or more. Imagine my disappointment several weeks ago, when, as usual, I first opened to the back of the inside cover to find there was no "Spice of Life." It has been my custom to read each issue from cover to cover, but "Spice of Life" came first.

I think we need more "spice" in life. Therefore, your magazine has diminished in value to me.

Leave out stories about the President—of whom I am an ardent admirer—if you must, but give us back the "Spice of Life."
VERMAN KIMBROUGH,
President, Ringling School of Art.
Sarasota, Florida.

Sir:—I heartily agree with Marion L. Hesse of Elizabeth, New Jersey. I hope your excellent page of "Spice of Life" will appear again. The jokes were splendid. There is a witty comment to the "Slips." Please continue.
Terre Haute, Indiana. M. J. KAY.

Beg Pardon

Sir:—It was with great surprize and regret that I read your item entitled "Prehistoric U. S. City Antedating Chichen-Itza Dug Up in Nebraska Sands," which evidently concerns my archeological work near Lynch, Nebraska.

I appreciate the desire of journals to make their stories interesting, but such should not be done at the expense of scientific accuracy.

First you will note I said (in a telegram replying to yours) that the age was not definitely determined. Secondly, I made no mention of seeing fossil pollen in the site. Such a statement would be ridiculous. No colored beads have been discovered. No dried beans are found on the surface to "crunch beneath any one's feet."
EARL H. BELL,
Assistant Professor of Anthropology,
The University of Nebraska.
Lincoln, Nebraska.

[In his telegram to THE LITERARY DIGEST, Professor Bell said: "We tentatively suggest that material above cultural stratum was deposited at time of the last major arid cycle . . . about three or four thousand years ago." THE LITERARY DIGEST makes every effort to avoid inaccuracies, and regrets that misstatements marred its report of this important discovery.—*Editor.*]

Slips That Pass in Type

Books—The G——— Shop Encycleopatra of Recorded Music. Compiled by R. D. D———.—*New York paper.*

Julius Cæsar has the unrecorded music.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE
Boy that can paint window signs; apply immediately.—*Springfield (Ill.) paper.*

But what'll we wear?

Enroute—FDR steers sail boat toward coast of Nova Scotia. Good fishing reported.—*Lexington (Ky.) paper.*

Sounds like Republican propaganda.

This fallen idol is portrayed by Betty Davis. She is rescued from the butter by Franchot Tone.—*Charleston (S. C.) paper.*

Only to become the fly in his ointment.

Miss DeP——— is the souse guest of her fiance and his parents for 10 days, and is spending the week end at the T——— cottage on H——— lake.—*Grand Rapids paper.*

That's candor for you!

Four more persons succumb to traffic inquiries.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Capital punishment?

Violin—Used short time. Will trade for typewriter.—*Springfield (Mo.) paper.*

No more fiddling around, hah, Buddy?

A feature of the handiwork exhibit was an infant knitted by Mrs. J——— H———.—*New Bedford (Mass.) paper.*

And hidden under a cabbage leaf!

Miss K——— H——— will heave this week for Gull Lake to attend a house party—*Minneapolis paper.*

Is she throwing it?

H——— Cites Need to
Weep Abreast of Times
—*Dallas (Tex.) paper.*

That's a crying shame!

LOST AND FOUND
Barber—Young barber for Friday and Saturday.—*Pittsburgh paper.*

Reward?

Improvements aggregating $200 will be made at the Betty E——— otaoishrdluetaoishrdluetaoin Dancing school.—*San Pedro (Cal.) paper.*

A linguistic school would be more to the point.

Warden E——— R——— also was slain during the break when the fugitives engaged in a running gun fight, came into court with his entire right arm and shoulder in a plaster cast.—*Omaha paper.*

Never say die.

The "smartest woman" is a girl of 19—Miss C——— L——— G——— who came here to work as a waitress. Unable to earn enough to buy the things she wanted, police say, she turned shiplifter.—*Chicago paper.*

She knows where to get the big tips.

Sheriff D——— asked authorities throughout the state to be on the lookout for the automobile and its occupants, both about 40 years old.—*Denver paper.*

Both slightly wrinkled, easily rattled, cantankerous.

The O——— caddies, demanding an increase in fee from $1 to $150 per round and the privilege of playing over the course three tmi seeach month, staked a strike last Friday.—*Pittsburgh paper.*

Strike? That's practically a home run.

Rev. L——— F. R——— of the F——— B——— Church announced Friday that he will preach Sunday at 10:45 A.M. on "The House Built Upon a Rock." This service will last until September 13.—*Hartford (Conn.) paper.*

Rock of ages.

Judge C. E. C——— faced the perplexing task to-day of deciding whether a 56-year-old barber or a 33-year-old automobile mechanic should be legally declared the mother of baby boy triplets.—*New York paper.*

Why not just let the whole thing blow over, Judge?

HOW BASIL RATHBONE
SLEEPS BETWEEN SCENES
Cook 4 eggs hard, cut lengthwise and remove yolks. Make paste of yolks, 2 finely chopped pickles, one-quarter cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons green peppers, and 2 tablespoons canned tomato pulp.—*Tulsa (Okla.) paper.*

And he sleeps through all that?

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